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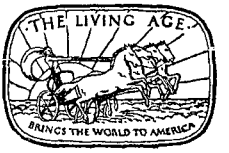

AROUND THE WORLD

Two Party Conferences

THE annual conferences of Britain's two great political parties have both lent further strength to the myth that England is down and out. Having dramatically declined to 'hang his harp on a weeping willow tree,' Mr. Baldwin proceeded to attack the vital problems of the day by commending to Conservative attention the burning question of the flapper vote and the proposed reform of the House of Lords. Opposition papers justly remarked that this was hardly the firmest way to deal with a ticklish situation. Of the leading Conservative weeklies only the *Spectator* attempted a mild justification of the Conference, while the *Outlook* and *Saturday Review* commented chiefly on the equal, if not greater, futility of the Laborites.

From a tactical point of view Mr. MacDonald's party showed poor strategy by failing to capitalize the mistakes of the present Government. The *Saturday Review* remarks: 'It is rare that an Opposition is in this state; usually the sins of the Government are so gross that they obscure its own quarrels. Mr. MacDonald himself admits that the wily old politician used to refuse to propound his own programme until he was in office, but the Labor Party rather plumes itself on not being like any other. Thus we have the strange spectacle of Labor denouncing the Government and all its works and then, in the next breath, wondering what can possibly be substituted for its policy, and leaving it to another conference to find out.' One important difference between the Laborites and the Conservatives is that the former conduct their private rows in public, after the manner of our own Democrats in Madison Square Garden. The Conservatives, on the other hand, have developed steam-roller methods to a degree that the Republican National Chairman himself might well admire. As might have been expected, the Laborites' activities went much more to the point. Flappers and lords received even less attention than they deserve, and the moderate MacDonald group has at last assured itself of control. Indeed, according to the *New Statesman*, Labor now presents a more united front than the Tory forces, since it has liquidated the disputes that

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have proved so distressing ever since the General Strike last year. The *Nation and Athenæum* remarked that Liberals should be glad to subscribe to the five proposals offered as a temporary solution of the coal problem, preparatory to ultimate nationalization of the mines. These proposals were summarized by the *Nation and Athenæum* as follows: '(1) the repeal of the Eight Hours Act; (2) a regulation of the supply of labor; (3) national provision for the maintenance of displaced miners; (4) compulsory grouping and amalgamation of mines; and (5) the establishment of selling agencies.' Other suggestions were also made to increase the taxes on unearned incomes of over five hundred pounds a year, and the Tory press howled appropriately.

Naturally the chief reflection these two conferences arouses is how soon the next general election will occur. Labor finds itself forced to go through the motions of demanding the immediate expulsion of the present Government, but it is generally believed that the longer the day of reckoning is postponed the larger the Labor vote will be. Nor do the Conservatives favor an early election, for their foreign policy needs a few finishing touches, and the man in the street is said to be apathetic about the whole business, anyway. The *Saturday Review* makes this prophecy: 'No government likes to run to the end of its full legal term, and we may therefore expect the next general election to take place either in the late autumn of next year or at the beginning of 1929. If it were early in the autumn it would coincide with the holidays or with harvest time, and if it were deferred to the spring it would interfere with the financial arrangements of the Treasury. Thus we have only one more full session to look forward to in which to shape the issues before the electorate.'

The one sensation of the two conferences was provided by the ineptitude of Mr. Baldwin, who publicly asked Lord Rothermere, editor of the *Daily Mail*, these three questions, apropos of that paper's apparent shift from Toryism to conditional support of Lloyd George: '(1) Is Lord Rothermere a supporter of the Unionist Party with me as leader? (2) Is Lord Rothermere a supporter of the Unionist Party with someone else as leader? (3) Is Lord Rothermere a supporter of Mr. Lloyd George?' The unfortunate Premier had laid himself wide open, and the noble lord seized the opportunity to thunder in reply: 'It is a matter of complete indifference to me who is the Prime Minister of this country. All I am concerned with is whether the country is being governed in the interests of the nation. When I think the country is not being so governed, the newspapers which I control will criticize and oppose the Government, whether it be Conservative, Liberal, or Socialist.' More in the same vein followed, and Mr. Baldwin's supporters drew rueful morals from this conflict between a 'gentleman' and a press baron.

The *New Statesman* throws this interesting side light on the present condition of the Communist Party in England: 'The Communist Party lost nearly a third of its members during the year — largely, we imagine, disgruntled miners and others who joined under the influence of last year's dispute. (The Communists themselves attribute the loss to an alliance of the "bosses," Right Wing trade-union officials, the Independent Labor Party, the police, and the Church!) The total membership now stands at 7377. We wish the newspapers and politicians that are constantly expressing alarm at the growth of Communism in this country would duly note the figures,

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and stop talking nonsense. But we have no great hopes. The "red spectre" is too convenient to politicians needing a peroration and lacking a policy to be laid by mere facts. Yet it is worth noting that the great Communist stronghold of South Wales musters in all 2300 Communists; all Scotland, including the Clyde, 1321; London 1500; and the rest of Great Britain the terrifying total of about 2250.'

Britain Abroad

Sir Austen had no sooner touched at Palma and disappeared in secret conclave with Primo de Rivera than all the weekly papers hooted in chorus at the idea that the meeting had anything to do with British support of the Directory, new arrangements in North Africa, closer Anglo-Spanish relations, or any other important topic that might logically provide some excuse for this furtive meeting. Then came the interview in the *Sunday Times*, which we reprint in this issue — and silence, save for the following paragraph in the *Saturday Review*, whose editors not infrequently echo the opinions of the Baldwin Government: 'Nothing could better illustrate the danger of Sir Austen Chamberlain's private interviews with European statesmen than the divergent versions of the discussion at Majorca which have been given by the Foreign Secretary himself and by General Primo de Rivera in an interview published in a Sunday paper. According to Sir Austen Chamberlain, he suggested that Great Britain could not usefully intervene in the Tangier question until France and Spain had themselves reached an agreement. According to the Spanish Dictator, however, not only was British mediation between these two countries offered, but a definite Anglo-Spanish entente was foreshadowed, and the possibility of a complete withdrawal of Spanish troops from Africa was discussed. The Foreign Office has let it be known that "many of the statements attributed to the Spanish Dictator are purely due to misunderstanding or mistranslation." Be this as it may, the Continental press is now busily asking itself what is the compromise which Sir Austen may arrange to enable Spain to relinquish possessions to another Power, and, in particular, what Power the Foreign Secretary has in view. The Foreign Office must hear of these secret interviews with considerable uneasiness.' The most offensive rumor of all alleged that England was planning a Mediterranean alliance of Spain, Italy, and Greece, directed against France. In the light of the pleasant relations between Tory London and Poincarist Paris, this report can be heavily discounted, for the present at least.

Few communities can devote to all their avocations the amount of enthusiasm that the South African Union has brought to bear on the single topic of the flag dispute. Various designs embodying the Dutch and English flags have been submitted but not adopted, and British residents resent the idea of only being allowed to fly the Union Jack when they 'like to show' that they are members of the British Commonwealth of Nations. More important but less sensational is the question of a State-controlled steel industry, which would hardly encourage foreign investors, who have already sunk money in the Union Steel Corporation. The native problem looms darkly in the background, the natives themselves feeling much more sympathy with the lenience of distant London than with the Nordic intransigence of Cape Town.

French Socialists have recently been excited by an argument between their leader, M. Léon Blum, and M. Paul-Boncour, one of the French delegates

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to Geneva, on the question of the Geneva Protocol. The Socialist view is that security follows disarmament, and M. Blum announced that he would rather live in a virtually disarmed Europe without the Protocol than in an armed Europe with it. Paul-Boncour's view is that Socialists everywhere should support the present scheme, if only because it has actually taken concrete shape. Blum came back by saying that Europe was worse today than ever before, — she had lost her one chance in 1918, — and that now 'European reaction is taking the form of Fascism and "bellicism"' instead of the gentler conservatism of a more gracious time. Good Socialists should now, according to Blum, try to bring about some form of consolidation between Germany, France, and England, the three leading democratic countries.

The Protocol and Security

The collapse of the Rakovskii affair indicates that the Quai d'Orsay will not go quite so far as Downing Street in its relations with Russia. Certain interests tried to make the former Ambassador's typically Communist activities serve as an excuse for a Franco-Russian break, and in these pages we have already given some of the reasons in favor of such a rupture. The fact that Rakovskii was merely recalled and replaced by another man does not mark a triumph of Muscovite tact; it merely shows that Paris does not choose to go the whole hog along with England. The preposterous inducement offered by Russia in the form of a settlement of the debts contracted by the Tsar's Government proved completely futile. It provided that France should receive one fifth of the amount due her if she would agree to lend Russia a larger sum over a period of six years.

The London *Outlook* prints a plausible rumor which we pass on for whatever it may be worth: 'An Italian correspondent tells us that considerable importance is attached in Italy to the recently announced engagement between the son of the Duke of Aosta and the daughter of the Duc de Guise. The Prince of Piedmont, heir apparent to the Italian throne, is unmarried, and his health is none of the best, while in the event of his death the crown would ultimately pass to his cousin, whose engagement to the Princess Anne has just taken place. The creation of any fresh link between France and Italy is only too welcome in the present state of European politics, while in this particular case the royal betrothal throws an interesting light upon Signor Mussolini's views as to the stability of the present French régime.'

Germany at Home

After years of preparation, Germany still finds herself unable to settle the question of religious instruction in State elementary schools. The Reichsrath, or Upper House, which corresponds to our Senate, has turned down the Government's carefully prepared bill calling for elaborate provisions to ensure separate religious instruction to Protestants, Catholics, and Jews. It is said that this bill represents a concession on the part of Stresemann's Protestant followers to the Catholic Centrists who have been supporting his foreign policy. Berlin complains that the bill would cost the city ten million dollars a year to begin with, and that the running expenses for the schools would be increased by one million dollars a year. Eighty-eight special classes would have to be established to take care of Roman Catholic children, and three hundred for the Jews. In Hamburg the representatives of the sixteen different religious groups could automatically outvote the twelve secular members on the Board.

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The dispute is important for two reasons. For one thing, the fate of the Government may hang on this complicated measure, and in the second place the adoption of such costly machinery may make foreign creditors suspicious of Germany's alleged incapacity to pay.

Ex-Chancellor Luther spoke for the majority of his countrymen recently when he said that Germany had to achieve three economic reforms: she must be granted new debt reductions, she must acquire new markets, and she must develop a domestic industrial policy that will enable her citizens to increase their savings. In foreign policy disarmament should be the constantly repeated watchword, and Herr Luther pointed to the proposed military service revision in France as exactly the opposite of the line Germany should follow. He commended Hindenburg's Tannenberg remarks, saying: 'Germany's great peace policy is founded on the presumption that Germany knows herself to be free from that alleged guilt which the Treaty of Versailles has tried to foist upon her, and, with head high, Germany will try to achieve the realization of a world in which justice will reign supreme.'

Russian Developments

The Russo-Persian treaty has been openly announced in the German press, and secretly admitted in the British press, to represent a temporary triumph of Moscow over London. Like the pacts Russia has already engineered with Turkey, Afghanistan, Germany, and Lithuania, the treaty ostensibly involves guaranties of neutrality and nonaggression along with certain specific commercial arrangements and prospective tariff conferences. As usual, however, there is more than meets the eye. Persia has always been the chief field of Anglo-Russian rivalry in Asia, and now it is not only serving as a battleground for the forces of imperialism and revolution, but it may also give Russia an opportunity to split the world of Islam in two. The *Daily Telegraph's* astute diplomatic correspondent makes this important comment: 'The recent and marked tension between Turkey and Persia lends a new significance to the rapprochement between Teheran and Moscow. The latter, as I pointed out some weeks back, has been striving, not altogether unsuccessfully, to make mischief between Persia and Turkey, thereby dividing the Moslem world, as it has sought to divide both the great Western Powers of Europe and the Russian border states. That the conclusion of the Soviet-Persian pact should synchronize with unsatisfactory incidents — almost certainly provoked by Bolshevist agents — on the Turco-Persian frontier is a fact to be noted. Moreover, the Soviet press is just now fulminating against Angora because of the Turkish Government's drastic and fitting measures against Communist propaganda. All these developments are of exceeding interest, and deserve close watching by the British and Indian Governments. The new pact would make it impossible for Persia to side with Turkey or Afghanistan in the event of a conflict between Soviet Russia and either of these states.'

Kölnische Zeitung remarks that the present régime in Moscow is cashing in on the self-determination theories implanted by Wilson's war-time idealism. The same paper adds that the new alliance cannot serve any aggressive purpose, but is merely designed to provide Russia with another defense against the West. *Izvestia* of Moscow would seem to share this view. In a recent issue it remarks: 'Preparations are being made to force a war against the Soviet at the present moment. No

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one can say the day or the month or the year that it will break out. But the workers and peasants of Russia must be ready immediately to face it. War may break out in 1928 in spring, in summer, in autumn — or in 1929. It is of less importance to fix the exact date than to understand that we are directly menaced by the war and that it is an immediate and most pressing peril. It is possible that it will break out next spring, in a year — at the most a year and a half or two years. We shall be allowed no more respite than that. War is at our doors.'

Die Rote Fahne, the Berlin Communist organ, strikes a more jubilant note. It believes that the despised *englischer Imperialismus* will be thwarted in its plans for a railway across Persia to India, but sees it frantically working with the Persian feudal lords against the Soviet Union and against the small Persian proprietors who benefit from the present treaty. England is also accused of having inspired anti-Persian raids on the part of Turkey.

Balkan Frictions

The flare-up between Bulgaria and Yugoslavia over the murder of the Serbian General Kovachevich at the hands of one of the Macedonian *komitadjis* subsided as rapidly as it arose, and now that the incident is completed it provides an illuminating chapter in the political psychology of the press. When the assassination occurred, all the European journals agreed that war was imminent, though pious hopes were expressed that a peaceful solution might be found. Since Mussolini always provides such excellent copy, he was represented as the villain of the piece, trying to stir up a new Balkan war that would give him his opportunity to leap on Yugoslavia. The Macedonian independence movement took quite a different line. This group, some of whose more boisterous members were responsible for the crime, pointed to the incident as the inevitable result of the partition of Macedonia between Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, and Greece. Nothing will satisfy this group short of an independent Macedonia carved out of these three nations, all of whom are jealous of every inch of soil they possess.

The *Manchester Guardian* asserts that Bulgarian policy has long been secretly directed by the discontented Macedonian clique. Belgrade knows this just as well as Sofia does, and its forbearance during the recent dispute was tempered by the belief that neither government could get any real satisfaction out of the komitadjis anyway, and that further investigation of the affair might encourage the Macedonian independence movement and result in territorial losses all around. Sofia has agreed to suppress the komitadjis — which is a good deal like legislating against thunderstorms.

According to the Athens correspondent of the London *Times*, the present coalition government in Greece has made an excellent record for itself during its ten months of office. 'The military question, which for so long was the great obstacle to the smooth working of the country's internal affairs, has been settled in such a way as no longer to leave a large number of disgruntled monarchist officers outside the ranks of the Army, and those seditious elements which constantly plotted and planned to create a régime favorably disposed to their own advancement have been removed from the Army. The Government has also laid the foundations of a stable economic policy aiming at the financial rehabilitation of the country and the reparation of the damage caused to the country's finances by the insane policy followed during the dictatorship. Its

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sensible and pacific foreign policy will be followed by successive governments irrespective of party.' These activities were carried on during incessant agitation for the release of the former dictator, General Pangalos, and even for his return to power. Tolerance, however, has carried the day.

Vilno Again

Lithuania has decided to fight fire with fire, and, by way of retaliating for Poland's seizure of Vilno, has closed all schools where Polish is taught, and has thereby virtually announced that the Polish minority of two hundred thousand people now living in Lithuania does not exist. Warsaw has retaliated by closing the Lithuanian schools in the Vilno district, where the Lithuanian element, numbering some one hundred thousand, had enjoyed special privileges. At about the same time Poland began celebrating General Zeligowski's occupation of Vilno, and many speeches were made urging the Lithuanians to kiss and make up with the Polish intruders. Lithuania responded by going into mourning and by having everyone preserve one minute's silence at noon on the fatal anniversary. The 'Polish Terror' was execrated, while the local 'White Terror,' as its enemies call it, continued to ignore both foreign and domestic foes. To cap the climax, the Lithuanians have even taken the ultimate step of complaining against the Polish Government to the League of Nations. Article XI of the League Covenant provides them with a satisfactory excuse in that it states that any member of the League can 'bring to the attention of the Assembly or of the Council any circumstance whatever affecting international relations which threatens to disturb international peace or the good understanding between nations upon which peace depends.' It is said that the Lithuanian Government fears that Poland has prepared to carry out plans that threaten the very existence of an independent Lithuanian State.

The Far East

Chang Tso-lin's defeat of Yen Hsi-shan, tuchun of the 'model province' of Shansi, distressed the British press, and even caused some papers to assert that Yen had not wanted to fight in the first place. Like the Christian General Feng, Yen is a member of the Kuomintang, but he succeeded in keeping his province out of the struggles that occurred last spring. Yen also has no use for the Bolsheviki, whereas Feng has been wined and dined in Moscow. Count Sforza, former Italian Minister of Foreign Affairs, and an expert on the Far East, has just returned from an extensive trip in China, and has given the *Journal de Genève* his advance impressions of the country preparatory to bringing out a comprehensive book entitled *The Chinese Crisis*. The Count remarks: 'We try in vain to define with the word "face" that exterior dignity that stamps a Chinese all his life, whether he is prime minister or a coolie, for many recent transactions and outbreaks there can only be explained by the multitude of questions this word covers.' He then prophesies that the next capital of China will be either Nanking or Wuhan, and adds that the fall of Peking would cause General Chang Tso-lin such a loss of 'face' that he would even lose his security in Manchuria. Yen's espousal of the Southern cause he regards as a certain portent of ultimate victory for the South.

The *Morning Post*, always a close friend of the Government, and frequently its spokesman, has suggested that order could be brought out of China's chaos by establishing a series of miniature Shanghais along the coast: 'As every one of these places is a port, a small garrison would be sufficient, since

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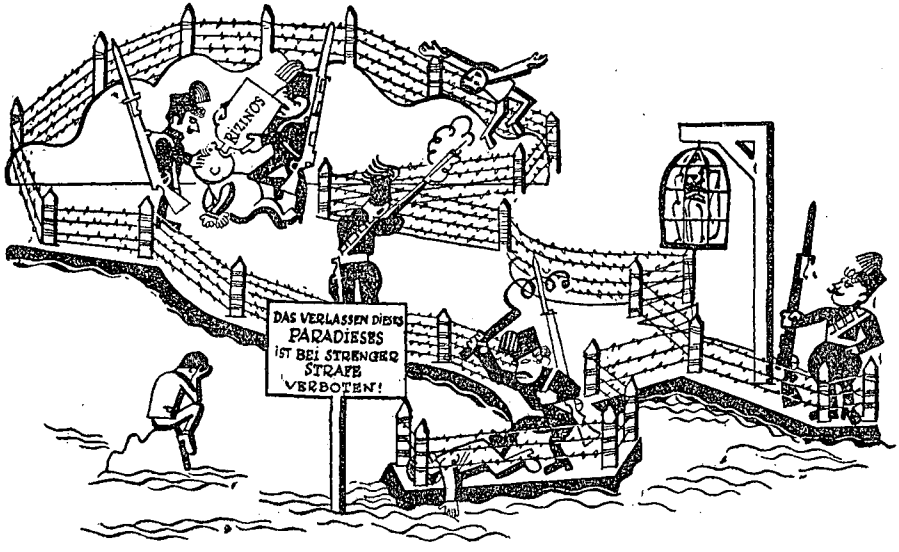
it would be backed by the British Navy. We could then afford protection to Chinese and foreigners alike, and not only for life and property, but for money and goods. All Chinamen with anything to lose would be grateful for this protection, and every treaty port would thrive as a refuge from the anarchy and robbery now universal in China. As for the administration of these sanctuaries, the Chinese merchants would, if they were supported, be glad to coöperate in the good work. The places could be occupied without firing a shot, and held by the good will of the inhabitants, who would profit by the security conferred. The result, we feel certain, would be an immediate revival in trade. It would mean also the revival of the Chinese trading community, which is the salt of China — the only class from which a settled, honest government is likely to spring.'

Tokyo *Hochi* announces that Japan cannot see her way toward renewing the alliance with England that many London Conservatives desire. After speaking of the bitterness of Anglo-American rivalries as revealed by the Disarmament Conference, and the secure collaboration between Britain and France, this paper remarks: 'The position Japan occupies in relation to China is threatened more by Great Britain than by the United States, and Japan fears Great Britain's army strength more than it does that of America. We Japanese are apt to be influenced by conventional matters and fail to understand the changing aspect of world affairs. We do not wish to be antagonistic to Great Britain, but we cannot see that a rapprochement would be feasible.'

ITALY STAYS AT HOME



The reluctance of the Italian Government to grant its citizens passports is depicted here. The sign reads in English: 'Leaving this paradise is forbidden under the penalty of heavy punishment.'
—*Vorwärts*, Berlin

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A PACKET OF POLITICS

LEADER PAGE CLIPPINGS

STRESEMANN PLUS HINDENBURG[1]

[THIS interview with Stresemann was reprinted or quoted in virtually every European newspaper, and the editor of *Le Matin* prefaced it with this remark: 'Marshal Hindenburg's speech at Tannenberg, in which the President of the Reich tried to deny Germany's responsibility for the war as defined by the Treaty of Versailles, created great excitement all over the world, and particularly at Geneva. One point of the highest importance had to be determined — did Herr Stresemann know what the Marshal was going to do, and did he approve the terms of his speech? Our special correspondent at Geneva has just received these declarations from the German Foreign Minister, who, he concludes, entirely shares the opinions of the President. We publish this interview for its documentary value. Its content and attitude cannot fail to surprise French opinion unpleasantly.']

I HAVE already sent you the comments and impressions I gathered at Geneva on the subject of President Hindenburg's recent speech. Naturally, I was especially eager to get the opinion of the man who represents to the world, one might say, the head of the German State, and whose policy, followed with such perseverance for several years, seems to contradict declarations of this character. It was a matter of the highest interest to get Dr. Stresemann's opinion on the Tannenberg speech, and when I asked him for it he did not hesitate to communicate it to me. I reproduce what he said purely for its informative value. It will surprise and even shock French opinion, which rightly believes that the question of war responsibility was settled once and for all when the Treaty of Versailles was signed, and that it is neither legitimate nor wise to raise it again. Herr Stresemann spoke as follows:—

'I am not only surprised, but astonished, that the speech made by President von Hindenburg at the inauguration of the Tannenberg monument made such a sensation in France. In the first place, his speech does not differ in any way from the views often expressed in the past — by Chancellor Marx on the twenty-fourth of August, 1924, when he spoke in even more specific terms, and by myself as Chancellor, at Hagen in Westphalia, while Friedrich Ebert was President, during the conflict in the Ruhr. Moreover, the declarations he made are a natural result of circumstances and of recent developments. Only in this way can they be understood.

'It must be remembered that in Germany dedications of monuments are much less frequently accompanied by ministerial speeches than they are in France. You remember the war and return to your past continually. By way of proof, I have only to mention the receptions offered to the American Legion and the military ceremonies

[1] By Jules Sauerwein, in *Le Matin* (Paris boulevard daily), *September* 24

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held on that occasion. Well, the President of the Reich, if my memory serves me right, has not yet dedicated a single monument commemorative of the war since he assumed office. Tannenberg, however, is his own work, a work with which his own personality and his very life have been connected. There he was, in an historical place, where all the feats of war that made his name so illustrious and led to his later activity as Chief of State, and all the past, seemed to unroll before his imagination. Let us add that a few weeks later he was going to celebrate his eightieth birthday with the whole German people. It is an age that exceeds the Scriptural limit, and one that men seldom attain. He must feel profoundly that he will some day have to render an account before Divine Justice for his deeds.

'What he said on this occasion, what he proclaimed to the veterans — that the Germans took part in the war with clean hands and a pure heart, and that the German people fought to defend themselves against dangers that were menacing them — all that is a common sentiment of all Germans. Here once again he drew himself up against the accusation leveled against the German people that they conducted the war cruelly. There is no need of my recalling in a French journal that other speeches have recently given him occasion to use such language.

'Moreover, the culminating point of the President's discourse — and it represents a desire that has already been expressed a hundred times — was that an impartial tribunal of arbitration should examine and determine what happened in the summer of 1914 during the exchange of diplomatic notes, and that it should define fairly what is in my opinion even more important — the events that occurred in the preceding years. M. Briand ended his speech at Geneva with these words: "Let us have peace by arbitration." People demand arbitration on economic matters, on financial matters, and on many other conflicts. If this principle is the only effective way of pacifying nations, why is it inapplicable to moral questions, the highest questions confronting humanity, questions that weigh down a nation with a heavier burden than unfavorable arbitral decisions on some purely material affair?

'In closing I should like to throw light on one important point. The lively movement that has been agitating the German people for a number of years and that tends to liberate it from the assertion that we are entirely to blame for the war shows what high moral value Germany assigns to the idea of peace. This nation vigorously repels the doctrines laying sole responsibility for the frightful catastrophe of the World War upon German initiative. It is quite comprehensible that the German people should not be inclined to accept a verdict in which the plaintiffs are also the judges, and this explains why our nation's profound aspiration does not contradict the policy of peace that we are pursuing with unquenchable confidence.

'From the point of view that dominates the activities of the League of Nations, no one can oppose the idea of such an arbitration. If it does not now assume a concrete form, it will be built up later by historical writers who base their work upon abundant sources describing what went on at this time. To the final verdict of history all the nations of the world can and must submit.'

AN INTERVIEW WITH PRIMO [2]

[THE following exclusive interview in the *Sunday Times* appeared apropos

[2] From the *Sunday Times* (London pro-French Sunday paper), *October* 9

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of the recent meeting between Sir Austen Chamberlain and General Primo de Rivera at Palma. The Spanish Dictator is speaking.]

THE eyes of the world have been turned on my meeting with Sir Austen Chamberlain on Sir Warden Chilcott's yacht Dolphin. Many rumors have been flying about as to the real nature of the international questions which we discussed — and in certain quarters suspicion has been openly shown.

What was the reason for our meeting and conference is a question rather difficult to answer in view of the fact that the matters we discussed must necessarily be kept secret until the time when they will bear fruit, but I would say that the meeting was an arranged one, and has an important bearing on international relations between Spain and other countries. Spain and England have always been splendid friends during the last century, and it is now the desire of Great Britain to act, as she has done so often before, as peacemaker, and to assist in the consolidation of other countries in bonds of political and international amity.

Great Britain has always been a very close neighbor to Spain at Gibraltar, which naval station of the British fleet has always given us a sense of great security, existing as we do under the watchful eye of the greatest of the world's navies. There was a time when Spain would have given much to possess this lock and key to the Mediterranean Sea, but it is now obvious that this point of advantage is well held and served by Britain — and Spain likes to have the British there.

It has been suggested that Sir Austen's meeting with me had to do with Gibraltar — perhaps even the ceding of this valuable rock to Spain. That is ridiculous, however; Britain would never give back the point to Spain — and, to speak frankly, Spain does not want it.

No; Sir Austen, as the accredited representative of the British Government, came to Palma, Majorca, to suggest that he, on behalf of the British Government, and as a purely disinterested party, should try to solve many difficulties of great international importance between Spain and our near neighbors. I have not yet either refused or decided to accept Sir Austen's proposal, for it is one that it will take time to consider. In the past Spain has had great trouble in Northern Africa, and in this Great Britain has always been in sympathy with us. But Spain is not alone in its interest in North Africa; France, as possessing under suzerainty Morocco, is very near our own interests.

Great Britain has little or no interest in North Africa, and I am fast becoming of opinion that Spain would be better without her interests there, which are a source of continual trouble and expense to the Spanish Government. But it is always a dangerous move to relinquish possessions to another Power unless some very satisfactory compromise is arranged.

It is this that Sir Austen may do. With the permission of Spain, he has said that he can show a way out of our difficulties, and that with the British Government acting as mediator some very satisfactory arrangement may become possible between ourselves and France on the question of Northern Africa.

Conferences to which the rest of the World are not admitted are always dangerous, as they give currency to many rumors and false reports. There was nothing very secret about my meeting with Sir Austen — and there is nothing which we discussed that we

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decided to hide. It is not always advisable to make public all that is said between politicians of two countries, because the truth is sometimes dangerous, and open discussion at once gives rise to suspicion of *double-entendre* among diplomats not invited to or included in the discussion.

Spain is going in the future to be one of the Powers in Europe, and England will join hands with us and consolidate our two countries with an *entente cordiale.*

In the near future Spain will figure in many important questions with Great Britain, and it is possible that a treaty between us may become possible, under which a scheme of joint industrial prosperity and international trade may follow. Spain has much that England has a use for, and England has a great deal essential almost to the life and prosperity of Spain.

In the past, relations between Spain and England have been rather mediocre — now the closest relationship is to result, the first step of which Sir Austen Chamberlain has made in his meeting with me on the yacht Dolphin.

This is the first of many talks that we shall have, and it may be necessary in the near future for me to visit London and see the British Cabinet on the subject of the questions discussed by us. Although there has been no secrecy, there has been much discussed which, if it materializes, will forge a strong bond of friendship between Great Britain and Spain.

HUNGARY VERSUS RUMANIA [3]

AFTER six months of study and negotiation and thirteen hours of public discussion, the Council of the League of Nations once more found it necessary to adjourn, in a faintly disguised form, the Hungarian-Rumanian dispute. We have been able to see, on this occasion, how useful the public sessions of the Council are, for, if that body had arrived privately at a dilatory solution that was finally imposed, the prestige of the League of Nations would have suffered a grave setback. But no one who listened to the four public sessions that the Council consecrated to this affair can deny that the solution reached seems to be the only way to avoid an even greater misfortune.

We must recognize, moreover, that public discussion has thrown a certain amount of light upon this very complex and apparently inextricable affair. In their final replies those two redoubtable adversaries, the majestic Count Apponyi and the impetuous M. Titulesco, defined in luminous terms the question on which they were divided.

It is a question of principle, and involves deciding whether the Treaty of Trianon, in forbidding the liquidation of Hungarian property in the territories transferred to Rumania, was intended to assure the Hungarians equality with the Rumanians, or whether it was intended to confer a special privilege upon the former. In other words, it is a question of knowing whether Rumania has satisfied all its obligations by treating the Hungarians in Transylvania on an equal basis with Rumanians, or whether the Hungarians have the right to claim something more.

This is the question that the Committee of Three on the Council discussed in its report denying that Hungarians in Transylvania occupied any privileged position. The Council adopted this report because it seemed to appeal to the Council's sense of fairness and to fulfill the spirit of the Treaty of Trianon. But Count Apponyi refused it in the name of

[3] By William Martin, in *Journal de Genève* (Swiss Liberal-Democratic daily), *September* 21

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his Government, invoking arguments whose legal value should not be underestimated.

He remarked that the principle raised in the report might be sound or false in the particular case, but that it could not be admitted in all cases as a general principle of international law. And he made in this connection a discreet but very clear allusion to the situation of certain Great Powers, who are claiming certain privileges for their nationals in Russia.

Count Apponyi, who rendered his country inestimable service on this occasion, added that the Council, as a purely political organization, was not qualified to issue orders. This point of his thesis, supported by MM. Stresemann, Scialoja, Loudon, and Urrutia, scored a complete triumph.

Yet the Council adopted the report purely out of regard for Sir Austen Chamberlain, who defended it with unaccustomed warmth, though he specified that it was a simple recommendation to the parties and put no one under obligations. Under these conditions the overwhelming chances are that the whole affair will be again brought up before the Council in December.

That body will then have to decide whether it wants to apply the sanctions against Hungary, the party that will have rejected the conclusions of the report, or whether it will accept the idea of laying the question before the Court of International Justice. Sir Austen Chamberlain favors the sanctions, and he made some extraordinary propositions on this subject to the Council. He had devised a way of punishing Hungary by refusing to apply the Treaty if she resisted, and of punishing Rumania by applying the Treaty if she was the one who opposed the decision. No one had ever seen the law treated in quite this way, and the Council almost unanimously rejected such a piece of heresy.

What shall be done? We believe that the judicial solution will eventually be imposed. In Rumania and elsewhere people imagine that the Hungarians have a great many political *arrière-pensées* when they demand to go before the Court. We do not know, but of course admit that it is possible. But we must acknowledge that the strength of their procedure seems as great as their fundamental contention seems weak.

It is a paradoxical situation. The Rumanians have an excellent case. They only demand equality with their ex-enemies, and it is inconceivable that the Peace Conference would have refused them this. Yet they refuse to carry before the Court a case that they are bound to win. The Hungarians, on the other hand, whose cause would be even more compromised were it not for the letter that Count Apponyi wrote to the Peace Conference, ask for a judge, and find their request refused. It seems to us, contrary to what Sir Austen Chamberlain has so vigorously maintained, that the Hungarians have given evidence of a real spirit of conciliation in agreeing to carry before the Court a case that they will surely lose.

We agree with M. Titulesco that the result of the case is not equal for the two parties, and that if Rumania loses the consequences will be serious. But the Rumanian Foreign Minister has too practical a spirit not to realize that he is using a dangerous argument there, for he is reintroducing the notion of vital interests into international justice, and this idea we had believed to be definitely dispelled by the theory of arbitration.

No doubt the question is extremely important to Rumania. In any case, it is almost as important to all of Europe as it is to Hungary, for the social sta-

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bility of Rumania involves us all, and is nearly as vital as our own. But it is perhaps still more important to keep intact the domain of international justice upon which peace depends, and not to create precedents that will weaken the base on which the League of Nations stands.

This is why one may be permitted to hope that if, in the course of the next few months, the Rumanians do not find a way of reconciling their difficulties with the Hungarians, they will devise some method of not making their interests contradict the interests of international justice. If their cause were bad, one could understand their hesitation; but it is excellent. For this reason we have more confidence than they, and we beg them not to embarrass the League of Nations by creating a new Corfu or another Vilno.

ROME AND MOSCOW [4]

[THE author of this article is one of Filippo Turati's anti-Fascist friends who is now living in France.]

WE have heard more or less talk about the feelings aroused by the Rakovskii affair. Italian Fascism (some people speak of Fascist Italy, but they exaggerate) has nothing to fear from Moscow Communism, since it has summarily suppressed all Communism at home. English publicists have even suggested with the aid of geography a dialectic contrast between Moscow and Rome. Naturally the Fascist publicists, men of no great originality, also draw attention to the antithesis between the two capitals, and try to show us that Rome has crushed Communism and is defending 'Occidental' civilization against Muscovite barbarism. One of them, in a fine moment of lyricism, has assured us that Fascism has assumed the rôle Athens once played in relation to Asia. It seems we are fighting the Persian wars again, but Marathon has moved to the various islands where thousands of idealists are expiating the crime of not having abjured their faith.

There is obviously nothing to it. Occidental civilization? Yes, if you like; but if Occidental Europe is a cultural reality, then individual initiative and individual liberty are its distinctive marks. This historic process began at the Italian Renaissance early in the fourteenth century, and reached a temporary fulfillment when the military empires of Austria, Germany, and Russia fell during the Great War. A fundamental idea of the Italian Renaissance, which the two great revolutions in England and France carried to its conclusion, is the individual. He should be free from all shackles and be able to pursue his life as he chooses. He should also be allowed to organize a social and political world that depends entirely on the degree of intellectual and moral maturity he has been able to attain. Individual liberty and political democracy are the two terms with which we naturally describe Occidental civilization; and justly so, because despotism and tyranny came to us from Asia — from the same Asia which gave us the monarchist principle that Athens and Rome never wanted to accept, and only adopted during their decadence.

If Fascism is despotic, if it preaches a State religion that foretells the domination of a man and of an insatiable coterie, if it shackles individual action in every way, if it is nothing but police, stool pigeons, inquisitions, censoring, interference with private opinions, — all justified and sanctified for reasons of State, — it is Asiatic and not Occidental. It will have been merely a kind of sad parenthesis, a moment of eclipse, in

[4] By Arturo Labriola, in *L'Ère Nouvelle* (Paris Radical daily), *September* 24

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the history of a people who brought modern civilization into the world. But this parenthesis and this eclipse do not belong to Occidental Europe. On the day that Italy takes her place again in the association of free nations and follows the path that she herself opened she will consider this fleeting period in her history as something that did not belong to her but that was imposed on her by a force foreign to herself.

The conservative world feels reassured by recent events in Italy and by the Lithuanian 'Whites' paying their homage at the Mecca of European reaction. It is quite possible that they are deceiving themselves. Despotism, especially the despotism of political parvenus, is a sort of reactionary tramp who is not a respecter of other people's property. Hobbes's *De Cive*, the Bible of the most frenzied reactionary school, says that in a well-ordered State the private property of the subjects is the public property of the State. The lawyers of Louis XIV believed that France was the property of the King. In the case of Fascism, it is laid down that the whole of the lovely country of Italy — its traditions, houses, lands, and factories — belongs to the Party members, who are permitted to make use of it in any way they please. People who have proved difficult for the local authorities have been deported, and Fascism boasts that it reaches its most exalted point among the humble.

Economists, however, have been pretending that the right to make free contracts is inseparable from the régime of private property, and that the intervention of the State between quarreling contractors destroys the principle of the free disposition of goods. Fascism is so grand that it not only detests Socialism — it makes fun of political economy. If it poses as the enemy of Communism, it is also the adversary of economic liberty. With the vanity of a child, it believes it is destined to regenerate the universe. The theatrical stroke of the March on Rome and the slightly mocking indulgence of foreign diplomats have gone to its head. The history of the universe begins with it. Forgetting that despotism and arbitrary government are older than the history of humanity, it has pretended to provide us with a new calendar, copying the Church and the French Revolution.

There is no such thing as Red despotism, and there is no despotism of the tricolor. There is no bourgeois dictatorship, and no proletarian dictatorship. There is only despotism and dictatorship — in other words, violation and outrage of personal and political liberty for the benefit of one individual, one coterie, one faction, or one party. In this way the pretended contrast between Rome and Moscow will be answered. This play upon words has served the interest of Fascism well. Thanks to it, Fascism has been provided with an historic mission; but in sober truth Rome is not the opposite of Moscow.

In Russia idealists are fighting for the perfections that they have outlined for themselves. New classes are searching for light. Individual members of social groups who had previously never come to the surface of life are opening up a new road.

But what ideals can Fascism propose to us? What new ideas does it bear? At home, a nationalist State religion — in other words, slavery. Abroad, an absurd, frantic chauvinism — in other words, war. We have had enough of all that; humanity is fighting its way out of that sombre stage; and if Fascism has nothing else to offer, it cannot hope for an indulgent judgment.

Those conservatives who are so fearful of Moscow that they are disposed to tolerate Fascist Rome will pay dear for their dangerous illusions.

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The despotism that is preparing the final catastrophe that will engulf all nations cannot be checked by one class or party. It may begin by being antisocialist and antiproletarian, it may gain popularity by fighting Communism, but it is fated to become antibourgeois and anticapitalist. In Italy despotism has already become that. The only difference between its Communism and Moscow's Communism is that the Italian version is destructive and does not contain within itself the germs of a more fruitful life, while the Communism of the Third International is itself the sign and symbol of the unforeseen and the unknown from which the future good of humanity will spring.

Luckily for us, the choice does not lie exclusively between Fascism and Communism — in other words, between two different kinds of Communism; there is yet another rallying cry, the French Revolution, and that is not over yet.

THE ENGLISHMAN [5]

[This quaint picture of the average Englishman is written by a well-known Polish critic and essayist. We have taken the liberty of editing somewhat the original article as it appeared in the *Morning Post*, but since Mr. Landau asserts that the Englishman 'is lazy and unoriginal in expressing himself,' we feel it is only fair to quote the following enterprising and original sentence that we have slightly altered in the article itself for the benefit of our grammatical readers: 'Knowing that the Englishman is the son of the great Empire, having in our youth imposed upon us the idea that every Englishman is a gentleman and powerful, we try on the Continent to copy him, to behave like he behaves, to dress, to walk, to speak English like he does.']

[5] By Rom Landau, in the *Morning Post* (London Tory daily), *October 7*

In no other part of the world do people criticize their own country so sternly as they do in England. The Englishman criticizes the character of his fellow man, his government, and his country's rules and ruling laws. He criticizes English art, music, food, weather, hotels, and seaside prices. No foreigner is privileged to do likewise. The Englishman pays no attention to such judgments, and denies that the foreigner possesses any capacity to judge England. I nevertheless feel it incumbent upon me to express my opinions of the Englishman.

The Englishman cares too much for tradition and convention to be original. He is too conservative, and does not dare to walk on a new road or do the least thing that might distinguish him from his fellow man. Bernard Shaw, Oscar Wilde, Lloyd George, and Charlie Chaplin are exceptions. His country's traditions and public schools have taught him to suppress his feelings until they have disappeared or lost all importance. He believes that emotions are too private to be revealed to an outsider. To display emotion would be shocking.

The Englishman not only lacks emotions; he lacks education, too. The soul of man and its development as we understand it on the Continent seem to him unreal, valueless, and therefore boring. Neither does he care for literature, art, music, or philosophy. He does not read books except those on politics, golf, cricket, and such vital problems. And if he reads he does it either for amusement or to learn something that he can use in his daily life. He does not read for the pure spiritual joy that ignores all reasons.

On the other hand, he possesses some qualities that the Continental lacks. He knows the value of being an Englishman, and is filled with admiration for his country. He knows that on his

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Empire the sun never sets, and he lets us know that he knows it.

He does not display his superiority or pride rudely, for he is too conventionally well educated. To an Englishman rudeness would mean originality, and originality in social life is something he fears. But the elaborate kindness and niceness with which he treats us are more injurious than any rudeness could ever be. He does not do this consciously — he is too warm-hearted to harm anyone intentionally; he simply cannot help it. That old superiority complex of his makes him believe that people from other countries are human beings of inferior race.

His public school and his experience in suppressing and hiding his emotions give him another great quality — the power to control and avoid all emotional excitements that might disturb his work, his comfort, or his life. His will power and his opinions are decided and determined. He knows what he wants and what he does.

Not being burdened with intellectual ballast or that variety of knowledge from which the foreigner suffers, he is ignorant of the multitude of problems with which Continentals have to deal. Thus his attitude remains genuine and naïve — almost childlike.

In no other country do you find so many people of sixty or more who seem to be as ingenuous as children and who possess the fresh, pink complexions of a race that knows no nerves. The joys of the week-end, the golf game, and the one-family house have brought this about. At seventy, therefore, the Englishman is able to play golf and tennis. Foreigners are amazed at the number of people here who are celebrating their eightieth, ninetieth, and even one-hundredth birthday.

Knowing that the Englishman is the son of a great Empire, and having in our youth received the idea that every Englishman is gentlemanly and powerful, we try to copy him on the Continent, to behave as he behaves, to dress, to walk, and to speak English as he does. To a young European the greatest compliment would be, 'You look exactly like an Englishman.' The first time, therefore, we meet the Englishman in his own country we are most impressed by the determination of his bearing, the perfection with which he speaks English, — the only language whose pronunciation we cannot learn, — the superiority of his physical appearance, and the quality of his clothes.

But after a short time we discover that the determination of his bearing is a matter of convention. We learn that, although we cannot acquire his intonation, we are able to speak his own tongue more perfectly, since he is lazy and unoriginal in expressing himself. Since the war we have also learned that sport improves our bodies more than military service does, and that the beauty of English clothes is not due to the English tailor, but to the quality of the material and to the slenderness of the Englishman's figure.

His genuineness, his intellectual innocence, and his sincerity, combined with perfect manners, a wonderful physique, and a complexion that is our envy and despair, make him the charming person whom we on the Continent vainly try to imitate.

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THE UNITED STATES AND MEXICO[1]

BY FRANCIS McCULLAGH

THE American press prides itself on letting the limelight of publicity penetrate into every nook and cranny of public life; nevertheless it maintains a strange silence about Mexico, although that country is in a worse state of disintegration that ever it was. Mexico has, in fact, reached such a condition that sometimes an impartial foreign observer like myself cannot help asking himself, 'Are we witnessing the break-up of a nation?'

Of this condition I myself was an eyewitness during six weeks that I have just spent in Mexico, through which I traveled 'on my own,' in the same way as I traveled through Bolshevist Russia in 1920.

I found that the critical condition of the country was admitted by all the foreign diplomatists, and especially by the American diplomatists. I was shown incontrovertible proofs of general disintegration, chaos, murder, misgovernment, and unbelievable financial corruption — proofs which make me fear that the condition of Mexico is more hopeless than even that of Russia, where, at all events, the existence of the Russian race is not in danger. Those proofs I shall try to present in a few words; but, incredible as the picture may seem to be, it is weak and neutral in comparison with the lurid canvas which exists in the American Embassy at Mexico City, in the State Department at Washington, in the British Foreign Office, in every foreign office in Europe, and in the private offices of the great newspaper owners here in New York.

For once in the amazing history of the American press you have the New York reporter telling a much more restrained and dignified 'story' than that which is told by the elderly, sedate diplomatists — and by fact itself!

You have in Mexico City American 'news-gatherers' with a talent for irresponsible writing and a thirst for the sensational sending dull and monotonous narratives of events south of the Rio Grande, wiring descriptions of presidential election meetings which (judging from these descriptions) seem to have been so irreproachably correct and stagnant that, in comparison with them, the dullest County Council meeting that ever sat in Shropshire would seem riotous and even revolutionary.

And, on the other hand, you have old, experienced, and scholarly diplomatists, men with an ingrained habit of understatement and a professional hatred of journalistic exaggeration, writing secret dispatches calculated to make one's flesh creep and one's hair stand on end.

To describe a few of the amazing things that are happening in Mexico: the Catholic churches are all closed, and the people who go to Mass in private houses are frequently arrested by the police, but released on paying fines which provide something for the Government and about a thousand pounds weekly of private 'graft' for certain police officials.

[1] From the *National Review* (London Tory monthly), *October*

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Even the Government statistics show an alarming decrease in the population, already most dangerously small. President Calles is robbing foreigners and Mexican landowners of their land, for the sake (he says) of the workman and the peon; but the workman and the peon are rushing out of the country like people escaping from a house on fire. According to Mexican statistics, Mexicans are leaving Mexico at the rate of five thousand per day.

There are now three million Mexicans permanently established in the southern part of the United States, and their places are being taken by Japanese and Chinese. Thirty-three Japanese families landed at Manzanillo while I was on the Mexican west coast. They are to colonize the hacienda of Estranzuela in Jalisco and other haciendas in adjoining states. Twenty-seven Japanese families were due to arrive a few days later.

In some places there are more Orientals than Mexicans; in Mexicali, for example, there are seven thousand Chinese to only four thousand Mexicans. President Calles tried hard to get Jewish agricultural colonists, and managed to get fifty Jewish families from Europe; but no sooner did they have a look round than they all disappeared in the direction of the United States.

As for the political situation, there is every sign of a three-cornered civil war and a general smash-up before the end of the present elections. A fight between Obregón, Serrano, and Gómez is certain to take place before the middle of next year.

Though the 'election' will not be held till July 1928, everybody is getting ready for trouble, which may come sooner and quite suddenly.

With characteristic foresight, the British community in Mexico City has just decided to enlarge its cemetery, and with that object in view has started a vigorous 'drive' for subscriptions; while, in view of the federal capital being isolated before the end of the year, the American Club is busy importing alcoholic refreshments.

The head of one diplomatic mission expressed to me his regret that 'we shall be cut off from the sea when Gómez takes Vera Cruz. No more mail, no more supplies from home. Very awkward! I am doubtful if the wine we ordered will get here before the trouble begins.'

The law of the *ejidos*, enabling any set of ruffians to carve a choice bit out of an expensively irrigated and developed ranch, and the Agrarian Law permitting the confiscation of part of the ranch, have ruined agriculture.

The Crom, the Mexican Federation of Labor, under the Bolshevist operation which Calles imposes upon it through his Secretary of Commerce, Labor, and Industry, Luis N. Morones, strangles all transport, commerce, and manufacturing.

Every Mexican recognizes the imminence of a dreadful crisis. Callista and Conservative alike, when they have been able to do so, have sent their families and their funds to the safety of the United States. The hotels of Los Angeles and San Antonio are filled with Mexican guests, and the American banks are bursting with Mexican money. Many of Calles's own relations, much of his fortune, are north of the border.

Mines are closing down all over Chihuahua and Durango. Oil production is falling off. In June 1926 it was 9,400,000 barrels; in June 1927 it was 5,500,000 barrels, though the production should have been doubled instead of halved. Owing to the operation of the Ley de Estranjeria, the breath of life which American enterprise breathed into the Mexican west coast is leaving

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it again, and the land reclaimed from the great Sonora Desert is going back again to its primitive wildness.

I do not maintain, of course, that there has been absolute silence in the press, for on several occasions a corner of the curtain was lifted. But on such occasions there was always some unseen but agitated interference from behind that curtain — and the corner was hastily dropped again. There was a tussle behind the scenes and vigorous whispering — then silence as before.

America is an amazing country, but it never before presented such an amazing problem as this. For the last hundred years it has been scolding Europe about freedom of the press — and, lo, its own press is shackled. For the last fifty years it has been denouncing secret diplomacy — and now we find the secret files in the Mexican section of the State Department at Washington guarded with a care worthy of the Tsardom. For the last nine years it has been lecturing Europe on the mess it was making of its foreign diplomacy and explaining how it, the United States, would manage if it were in the Balkans or on the Polish Corridor, or master of Trieste. But meanwhile the appalling situation on its own southern border has been rapidly getting worse — and, instead of tackling that situation, the United States hastily buries its head in the sand like an ostrich.

Its newspapers, now the richest in the world, sent scores of the best American journalists to China, although the State Department has formulated no definite policy on the Chinese question, except the policy of doing nothing. It will leave England to protect American interests in China, but it will see that a good-sized crowd of American reporters are there to criticize her while she is doing it.

But in Mexico City, where there is not a single British journalist, the United States has only one regular correspondent, and, unfortunately, he writes for the *World*, a paper which constantly takes the part of Calles against Coolidge and of the Mexicans against Yankees — a paper whose attitude on the Mexican question reminds me of the attitude of the London *Daily News* on the Transvaal question about a quarter of a century ago. Consequently this correspondent has a double reason for caution — the Mexican censor and his own editor. He has already been expelled once, and is determined not to send news that will lead to his expulsion again.

A week ago there was another American correspondent in Mexico City, a Mr. Joseph de Courcy, but, though he was extremely cautious, he was summarily kicked out on August 12, after having been arrested and lodged in a cell whose walls were pitted with bullet holes (having been evidently used as a place of execution). When a member of the American Embassy tried to see him the police denied that he had been arrested, but the Embassy, the State Department, and the *New York Times* bore the insult with touching humility. The whole story will be found in the *New York Times* of August 13. It is that of a man who has been beaten and kicked by a bully and has no redress.

One asks one's self in amazement if this is the America which used to be so fond of tail-twisting.

The British Foreign Office adopts a different policy. When the Soviet Government imprisoned Mrs. Stan Harding, who was the correspondent, not of any English newspaper, but of the *New York World*, Lord Curzon made the Soviet Government apologize to her and pay her fifteen thousand dollars compensation. The result was that English correspondents in Russia felt that they would not be punished

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for telling the truth — and they told the truth.

Apart from the one regular — but muzzled — correspondent, there are of course the usual news agencies, which, as in other countries, accept official news and circulate it without examination.

If a Massachusetts missionary is captured by brigands on the Acroceraunian mountains, or if the Esthonian navy fires a salute of only nineteen instead of twenty-one guns in honor of the American representative at Reval, or if there is one star missing in the American flag displayed at the Quai d'Orsay on the occasion of Colonel Lindbergh's official reception at Paris — well, the U. S. A. will want to know why such things are possible in the twentieth century, and from New York to San Francisco the famous Sunday supplements will be full of Albania and Esthonia and the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs; but if Mexico confiscates half a million acres reclaimed from the wilderness by mere American farmers, or the Governor of Puebla has French families slaughtered in order that he may seize their land, then the State Department strikes a sphinxlike attitude, and America's one panic-stricken correspondent in Mexico City is sternly warned to say nothing (as if he would dare to open his lips, poor fellow!).

Even Mr. Hearst, once the *enfant terrible* of the New World, has become discreet and noncommittal. He, who is accused of having caused the Spanish-American War by the publication of bogus cables, is now rich, reserved, and respectable. So respectable has he become, in fact, that he publishes a weekly cable-letter from Mr. Lloyd George.

On Mexico he is mum.

For over a year he kept a correspondent in Mexico, but when this gentleman returned to New York with a series of articles describing the true state of Mexico, Mr. Hearst was aghast, and ultimately ordered the destruction of the typescript.

Some months ago Mr. Ybarra, an able American journalist, was sent to Mexico by one of the leading American newspapers, and began a series of articles on the situation. Having a complete command of Spanish, he was able to get a perfectly true picture, and, being an honest journalist, he started to paint that picture in a series of articles such as that which I am now writing, only far stronger and better. The situation was so critical, the condition of affairs so frightful, that he sent the whole of the first article by radio from the steamer whereon he left Vera Cruz for the United States. That article appeared exactly as it had been written. A corner of the curtain had thus been lifted. But then took place the amazing performance which I have already described, and which has taken place more than once under similar circumstances. There was a mysterious scuffle behind the scenes; the corner of the curtain went down suddenly. There was an interval of silence, after which the rest of the articles began to appear. But how different from the first article! They were like Ella Wheeler Wilcox after Homer, like 'In the Gloaming' after Chaikovskii's '1812.' They had been rewritten and so severely edited that they might all have been taken from some placid old guidebook.

Who is responsible for this general muzzling order? Part of the responsibility is due, I think, to the anxiety of the Republican Party's managers to avoid any foreign complications which might ruffle the smooth surface of American prosperity and thus interfere with Mr. Coolidge's chances of reëlection.

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Even now, though Mr. Coolidge does 'not choose' to run, the same policy prevails among the managers of the party machine. Those astute men realize the advantage they have in a Republican legend of peace and prosperity, especially if a Democrat gets into the White House next year and plunges into a Mexican war which will prove extremely expensive to the Government besides being ruinous to business.

Part of the responsibility is due to high finance; part of it is due to sundry great American capitalists who have land in Mexico; and, strange to say, part of it is due to the State Department at Washington.

There are Wall Street financiers who are getting interest from Mexico and can offer opposition to any exposure of the Mexican situation. There are American landowners who have Mexican ranches that are not touched by the Agrarian Law — as the estates of Calles himself, of his sons and his generals, and of Obregón, are not touched by it. Finally, the State Department, which tried, with extraordinary ineptitude, to raise an anti-Mexican storm here last winter, has now gone to the opposite extreme. Not only has it prevented attacks on Calles from appearing in the American press; it has actually prevented them from appearing in the European press! This latter fact I discovered while negotiating the sale of a series of articles on Mexico to the representatives in America of great foreign newspapers. These men told me bluntly that what I said was true, but that they could not afford to offend the State Department. The curious part of the story is that American consuls and diplomatists now in Mexico, or who recently were in Mexico, take exactly the same view of the Mexican problem as I take in this article — only that their detestation of the Calles régime is infinitely stronger than mine.

But religion, of course, plays an important part in producing the journalistic reticence to which I have alluded. In the United States the religious issue — that is, the good old Protestant versus Catholic issue — is as strong today as it is in Belfast. It is a thousand times stronger than it is in England, from which, if we except Liverpool, it has almost died out. It prevented the nomination of Al Smith, and will do so again. Because he is a Roman Catholic, and for no other reason, Mr. Smith will never be President of the United States. In New York we do not realize this fact, but I have just been in Texas and Oklahoma, where it was made very clear to me.

America is a Protestant country, — in the same sense as England is, — and her Protestantism has always tinged very strongly her relations with Mexico. For the last century she has hailed with joy the appearance in Mexico of any 'liberal' and anticlerical leader, just as England — from whom she inherited her prejudices against 'Dagos' and Catholics — hailed with joy the appearance of Garibaldi. Save in the time of Porfirio Diaz, she invariably helped such anticlericals, because she honestly believed that if Mexico only became Protestant all the ills from which she suffered would at once be cured. Moreover, if she became Protestant there would no longer be any danger of her setting up a monarchical system of government, dangerous to her great northern neighbor.

Consequently the United States allowed Mexican 'liberals' and anticlericals to launch revolution from Texas and Arizona, but she sternly prevented Mexican conservatives from doing so. She raised the Arms Embargo in favor of Juárez, Madero, and Carranza, but she slammed it firmly

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on Victoriano Huerta, on Adolfo de La Huerta, on Felix Diaz, and on the Mexican conservatives who are at present engaged in gun-running along America's southern border.

Such being the prejudices of Protestant America, neither Mr. Coolidge nor any of the great newspapers will publish the whole truth about Mexico. The Methodist organization alone is extremely strong, well organized, wealthy, and influential; and it is entirely in favor of Calles.

The Roman Catholics of the United States tried hard to rouse public opinion and raised one million dollars for the purpose of doing so, but this only made the editors of great non-Catholic newspapers more obstinate in their silence. One of those editors told me that he resented the attempt that was being made to bring about American intervention in Mexico. This feeling of resentment was increased by the behavior of some Mexican Catholics in the United States. Each of them had got a plan, an infallible plan, for 'pulling off' a revolution or purchasing a general with his whole division, but, in order to put that plan into operation, a very large sum of money was always needed. Sometimes they got this money, — whether from oil or from the Knights of Columbus I do not know, — but they never accomplished any results with it. One of them got twenty-five thousand dollars to establish a secret wireless station in Mexico City, but nothing has ever been heard from this gentleman since. Another of them got a confidential letter to the papal nuncio at Washington from an American ecclesiastic, who discovered, a week later, that the letter was in the hands of a blackmailer who wanted ten thousand dollars on it. Many of the militant Catholics in Jalisco fear that they are continually being betrayed by treacherous Mexican priests who are acting as spies of the Government in the insurgent camp.

Thus there is deep distrust between the Mexican Catholics themselves, as well as between the Mexican Catholics and the American Catholics. The members of the League for the Defense of Religious Liberty have complained to the head of one foreign diplomatic mission in Mexico City that their famous million-dollar fund for the saving of Mexico is being spent by the Knights of Columbus on 'expensive accounts,' which mean nothing but 'joy rides' and revelry; while the Knights deny this and bring more serious charges against the Leaguers.

I pass no judgment on any of these charges: I only cite them to show the complete disorganization which exists in the Catholic ranks, and which may have something to do with the silence of the American press on the subject of Mexico.

But what of the Radical newspapers in America? Strange to say, it was from one of them, the *New Republic*, August 17, 1927, that the worst attack on President Calles came; but the American Radical press is not prepared for such a strange state of things. Calles professes to be a Radical, and, if the capitalistic papers refrain from attacking him, there is all the more reason why the Radical papers should refrain.

'But,' I hear the reader ask with a malicious chuckle, 'what about *oil?*'

Some of the American oil barons in Mexico are undoubtedly rich, corrupt, powerful, and extremely unscrupulous, but those very qualities make the American public distrust them, as a section of the British public, twenty-eight years ago, distrusted the gold barons of the Rand. The Doheney scandal and the tales that filter north about the crime and corruption in American circles in Tampico, and about the loose lives led by some of the Mexican clergy,

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have helped to bar Mexican news from most American newspapers. It does not, however, excuse the editors who have repeatedly sent trusted members of their staff to Mexico but afterward refused to publish their articles because they condemned the Calles régime. Surely the best course for the American press to take would be to send its 'star' men, not to China, but to Mexico, to make a determined investigation of the whole Mexican question, and not to ignore it.

Last, but not least, the American newspaper reader is 'tired' of Mexico.

There are still other causes, which I have not time to analyze; but here I might say that this hush-hush policy is not only un-American, pettifogging, and unworthy of a great nation, but it is also dangerous. Indeed, it is extremely dangerous, because of the Bolshevist and anti-American turn which events have taken in Mexico during the last six months. I have been traveling for the last two years in Central and South America, and my conclusion is that in Central America, at all events, the Russo-Mexican poison is working so well that all these little republics may go Red within a few years. And it will not be the ordinary Latin American revolution this time; it will be an economic Bolshevist revolution, entailing partial expropriation of foreign property — as in Mexico. Nicaragua was a foretaste. The United States was able to deal with Nicaragua, but she will not be able to put out the flames if they involve a dozen republics at once and are encouraged by the very large, powerful, and wealthy army of pacifist cranks who are rapidly becoming as strong in the United States as the Prohibitionists.

In the very hotel where I am writing this article one of the guests is the notorious Luis N. Morones, the Mexican Minister of Industry and Labor, and the head of the great Bolshevist organization known as the Crom.

New York City may look back on this visit of Morones with the same feelings that London looks back on the visit Lenin paid it in 1903, when he first organized his party.

And while Morones is enjoying the luxury of the Waldorf-Astoria and receiving innumerable swarthy visitors, a different scene is being enacted not five miles off, on the Hudson River, where a gun-running steamer is being rapidly equipped by a number of revolutionaries from Colombia. And this is not the only gun-runner which South American revolutionaries are fitting out at present in the United States. A Venezuelan gun-runner was seized some time ago by the United States police. Others are under observation. Some, perhaps, have escaped suspicion.

Most New Yorkers laugh at these preparations. 'We have always had them,' they say joyously. 'New York has always been a centre for the South American revolutionist. We do not suffer by it. We are used to it.'

You are not used, however, to the new or Bolshevist brand of revolution, which is the only kind you are going to get now. You refrain even from sending a stiff note to Mexico lest it should lead to expense and annoyance and should affect the markets and should lose you, perhaps, several hundred thousand dollars. But this is a 'penny wise, pound foolish' policy, bad even in a small New England store, but fatal in the government of a great nation. The result of your inaction may be a conflagration involving the loss of the three billion dollars' worth of investments which you have in Latin America, and perhaps of another three billion dollars spent by you on the naval and military measures necessitated by this situation.

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The situation in Mexico is very different in many ways, of course, from the situation in China, but these two countries have one thing in common — huge foreign investments. Taught by Moscow, the Chinese have discovered that the confiscation of these investments is not only possible, but can be justified by texts from Karl Marx, and converted into an act of heroic patriotism by the waving of the Nationalistic flag, and will be applauded by various humanitarian and religious associations in the country whose nationals are thus plundered.

There are three billions of American dollars in Latin America (I seem to hear Comrade Morones murmur the words 'Oh, joy!' from the apartment underneath me).

There are, I repeat, three billions of American dollars in Latin America, and poor old effete, much-lectured Europe is not likely to help Uncle Sam to keep hold of them. Moreover, Europe has been sternly warned off by the United States, which undertook, in effect, to protect European interests in South America, since she will not let Europe do so herself. But the United States is powerless to keep that implied undertaking even in Mexico, where, during the last ten years, there have been innumerable outrages on Europeans and much confiscation of European property. Europe has said nothing officially, because she owed America money, was otherwise occupied, and saw that the Yankee in Mexico was more neglected by Washington than the European. But Europeans whispered among themselves some extremely pungent — though unofficial — comments. One European diplomatist in Mexico City spoke to me most irreverently of 'Uncle Sam Micawber' waiting for something to turn up in Mexico and save him from the trouble of taking a decision. Another drew a humorous picture of a water-logged State Department manned by cowboys and country lawyers, sailing around in circles, without map or course or compass or any clear idea of their destination. A third pointed out the remarkable resemblance between the State Department under Kellogg and the Most Holy Synod under Pobydonostsev.

But the matter has now got beyond the jocose stage, and the European diplomatists accredited to the Court of Chapultepec are becoming genuinely alarmed at the prospect of Mexico's example being followed by all Central America.

The powder train is being lighted in Mexico, while Uncle Sam looks with determination in another direction.

For America, the year 1927 is the calm before the storm.

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OIL AND ARCOS[1]

BY FRANCIS DELAISI

[THE editor of *Foreign Affairs* offers the following comment: 'To help those of our readers who are not versed in the politics of oil, we offer these notes: The English companies are the Royal Dutch and Shell (whose managing director is Sir Henri Wilhelm August Deterding) and the Anglo-Persian. Closely affiliated to the Royal Dutch is the American Standard Oil Company of New Jersey (President, Mr. Walter C. Teagle), in which Mr. John D. Rockefeller is interested. Two other American groups are the Standard Oil Company of New York ("public relations counsel," Mr. Ivy Lee) and the Vacuum Oil Company (whose secretary is Mr. Hughes). The Naphtha Syndicate is a Russian company (president, M. Serebrowsky).']

THE polemics carried on in the press between Mr. Stalin, the spokesman of the Soviet Government, and Sir Henri Deterding, Director-General of the Royal Dutch Petroleum Company, have made clear to all the world what a few of the initiated had suspected and declared from the outset — that the breaking-off of diplomatic relations between Great Britain and the Soviet Union was not the spontaneous action of the British Government, but was inspired, and perhaps commanded, by certain large-scale oil interests.

On May 12 last a search was made by order of the Home Office at the headquarters of Arcos, the commercial agency of the Soviet Union. The Government immediately announced that the disappearance of an important document concerning national defense had been discovered, that there had been suspicions of its having been stolen by Soviet spies, that in fact this document had not been found in the safes of Arcos, but that others had been found which proved that the Moscow Government indulged in espionage on British territory, maintained relations with English Communists, and supported revolutionary movements in Great Britain.

This aroused the lively indignation of the British press and public; and when Mr. Baldwin announced that Great Britain had handed their passports to these unmannerly guests, who, under cover of their diplomatic immunity, were fomenting war and revolution in the country which had received them with confidence, the action was approved almost universally by European public opinion.

Nevertheless, in well-informed circles in England certain facts had caused some surprise; and Mr. Clynes, an open adversary of the Bolsheviki, together with Mr. Lloyd George, put questions to the Foreign Secretary in the House. Possibly, said Mr. Lloyd George, the raid had been undertaken without Sir Austen Chamberlain's knowledge; certainly he had not welcomed it; but who, in that case, had inspired it?

Mr. Lloyd George was content to put the question discreetly, without answering it. As a former prime minister,

[1] From *Foreign Affairs* (London pacifist monthly), *October*

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who hoped to return to power, he respected the parliamentary tradition which precludes a former premier from causing too much annoyance to his successor, whose place he may one day fill again. He contented himself with demanding a commission of inquiry, which the Conservative majority hastened to refuse. And the veil of mystery, lifted for a moment, was once more discreetly dropped.

But the veil has since been rent by polemics in the press and by Sir Henri Deterding's clamor.

It will be remembered that in 1922 Mr. Lloyd George summoned a great international conference at Genoa with a view to the restoration of Europe. Something like three thousand diplomats, politicians, business men, and experts from all countries set their hand to the plough, and the first task was to lay plans for the reconstruction of Russia. That was surprising enough at a time when the whole of Central Europe was in danger of collapse; but such was the decision of the chief architect, Mr. Lloyd George, and at the express desire of Great Britain the Bolshevist representatives were received by the official representatives of capitalism — and by the King of Italy in particular — with the utmost courtesy and respect. For six weeks a compromise was sought between the principles of Communism and the bourgeois idea of private property. In spite of the quibbling of M. Poincaré, success might have been attained, but . . . a French newspaper published a secret agreement by which the Soviets granted the monopoly of the export of Russian oil to the Royal Dutch, with Sir Henri Deterding at its head. This news called forth vehement manifestations of displeasure from the representatives of Standard Oil, and the American observer, Ambassador Child, announced that, if the news were true, the American Government would hold itself entitled to seize all ships carrying Russian oil, since this oil might come from some nationalized wells belonging to an American citizen.

Under these circumstances, the agreement with the Royal Dutch obviously fell to the ground. Thenceforward the debates concerning property rights in the Soviet Union lost much of their interest, and the three thousand diplomats and experts suddenly abandoned the task of reconstructing Europe in general and Russia in particular.

An attempt at salvage was made a few months later at The Hague, where the Soviets tried to profit by the conflicting ambitions of the rival groups. At last the various oil interests — Anglo-Dutch, British, American, Franco-Belgian, and others — grasped that they were playing the Bolshevist game by indulging their rivalries, and concluded a kind of 'pact of nonaggression.' They engaged not to seek separately any concession from the Moscow Government. They did not prohibit trade with the Soviets, but they agreed to allow Russia no credit, and brought all their influence — and it is considerable — to bear on the banks to prevent the grant of any credits other than those promised by treaty. Thus the financial blockade of Soviet Russia was determined.

The reckoning was that the Bolsheviki, lacking capital at home and credit abroad, would be unable to restore their oil industry, and would be able neither to reëstablish their manufactures nor to meet the peasants' needs for agricultural machinery; and that thus, caught between the twofold dissatisfaction of the Communist workers and the land-owning peasants, they would quickly come to grief. Then the great oil trusts would obtain from the new Government the restitution of the nationalized oil wells to their lawful owners, and, as they had taken the

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precaution of buying — for an old song — the oil shares held by Russian émigrés ruined in the Revolution, they would be masters of Russia's immense oil resources, and that with very little outlay.

The pact was loyally observed for four years. The Soviets had the utmost difficulty in raising a credit of three hundred million gold marks in Germany. They were unable to obtain any considerable amounts from the London, Paris, Amsterdam, or New York banks.

Nevertheless, the Soviet Government did not fall. It turned its back resolutely on Communism, and restored peasant ownership, free commerce, the stock exchange, markets, banks, taxes, and state loans. It even succeeded in drawing from private and public savings sufficient capital to restore a considerable proportion of Russian industry to the 1913 level. It is true, the situation is still far from satisfactory, especially as regards the standard of life of the workers, which is lower than before the war. But the masses are conscious of a constant improvement, and they possess their souls in patience. In vain Sir Henri Deterding prophesies every six months the fall of the Bolsheviki in the coming year.

Since the Soviets are obliged to pay cash for their purchases in Europe, they are naturally driven to increase their exports, and first and foremost what is easiest to export — namely, oil. They have succeeded in restoring the former wells, in sinking new ones, and in repairing the pipe lines. Their prices are favorable, so that they have found English and French companies ready to buy wholesale and sell in the markets of the West. At the end of 1926 the export of Russian oil had surpassed the 1913 tonnage.

Curiously enough, the principal market was England. With the collaboration of Arcos and of several individual Englishmen, a powerful company, the Russian Oil Products, was formed in Great Britain. And — supreme impertinence! — Russian Oil Products' brands are to-day competing, often successfully, with the Anglo-Persian, the Shell, and the Royal Dutch under the very eyes of Sir Henri Deterding. Here, plainly, was a degree of presumption which the oil magnates could not tolerate.

When the great oil trusts want to get rid of a competitor, they resort to an infallible method. They reduce the price of petrol right down to the cost of production, or even below. Thanks to their vast reserves and their immense credit, they are in a position to bear heavy losses for several months. Their adversary, not nearly so wealthy, is soon at the end of his tether. They then proceed to drive him into the bankruptcy court, or else buy him out. When they are again in command of the market, they raise prices and so cover their temporary losses.

It was resolved to adopt these tactics in dealing with the Soviets. In the early months of 1927 the Royal Dutch, the Shell, and their principal subsidiary companies announced a drop in the price of petrol. The Russian Oil Products reduced its prices also. The former again lowered prices, and the latter followed suit. Prices dropped in Great Britain — to the great delight of the owners of cars, vans, and motor bicycles. Matters went so far that shareholders in the Royal Dutch grew nervous about their dividends and began to sell their shares.

Surely the Russian Oil Products must be ruined at this game. But its adversaries had forgotten that behind it stood the Russian Neft Trust, which, however, is no common trust. It is neither more nor less than an emanation of the Soviet State; it has no dividends to pay, no shares quoted on the

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Stock Exchange which must be maintained at a creditable figure. The Government, which controls all industries, can make good the loss of one from the profits of others, and, if that is not enough, from the proceeds of the taxes. Such an organization can, therefore, resist the pressure of hostile trusts as long as it chooses. It is not subject to the usual laws of competition between capitalist companies.

And this is the supreme menace of the Bolshevist system. It may overturn the historical principles of the civil code, it may abolish *jus utendi et abutendi*, and may nationalize private property; these are mere trifles! Leases of ninety-nine years will be tolerated, and rent called a tax — that is a mere question of words. Sir Henri Deterding himself did not hesitate at one time to sign a contract for the export of 'nationalized' or 'stolen' petrol — provided he were given the monopoly.

But to use the resources of the State to break prices; to turn funds accumulated by the State into a weapon against the accumulation of capital by private trusts — that was the abomination of desolation of which Bolshevism was guilty; that was its unpardonable crime!

The blow was all the more severe for the Royal Dutch because it imported far more oil into Britain than the Soviets; thus each time the price fell by one penny the Soviets lost fifty thousand pounds, but the Royal Dutch lost a million.

Even more serious was the fact that the trusts, reckoning that Russian oil would be absent from the world market for some years, had developed new oil fields all over the world, especially in Mexico, Venezuela, and so on. The sudden reappearance of Russian oil in immense quantities threatened to break petrol prices, to lower dividends, to cause a fall on the Stock Exchange, and to damage the credit of the trusts seriously in the money market. The situation was becoming alarming. More than ever it was necessary to close the European market to Soviet petrol.

And now, at the very juncture when a boycott was essential, Sir Henri Deterding learned that the Soviets were about to obtain a credit of ten million pounds in London itself.

Great as is the power of the oil trusts in the money market, and their grip upon many of the banks, they do not control all the banks. More especially certain large banks in the City have often ignored their suggestions. These banks are interested in such a great variety of concerns that they cannot link their fate with any single industry. Before the war they had made London the clearing house of the world; after the peace the fall of the pound sterling robbed them for the time being of this privileged position, which was secured by Wall Street. They have recovered it, and their first care is to maintain and consolidate it. To that end the free circulation of capital and merchandise is essential. That is why they seek to restrict the excesses of Protection and dumping, and oppose all measures of economic warfare. The reopening of the Russian market to British capital and British manufactures, therefore, might well seem desirable to them. And from the moment when Moscow turned deliberately toward the 'New Economic Policy' — toward a new type of capitalism, that is, which could be accepted — there was a double reason, economic and social, for facilitating the reëntry of Russia into the European business world.

That is how it came about that Mr. McKenna, a former Chancellor of the Exchequer, had been brought to agree to a credit of ten million pounds — not, it is true, in cash, but in goods — to the successors of Lenin.

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But at this point Sir Henri Deterding came on to the scenes in a towering rage. What! At the very moment when he, the Petrol King, was seeking to close the British market to these vile Bolsheviki, the doors of the Stock Exchange were being opened to them!

With a credit of ten million pounds, Mr. Stalin's Government would consolidate its position, restore its industries, and, of course, develop its oil output! Was there not in the loan agreement provision for a special credit for the purchase of material required for boring, the equipment of wells, tanks, and so forth? Such a loan at such a moment was worse than defection — it was insubordination!

But worst of all, the gesture of the Westminster Bank would make an irreparable breach in the 'financial blockade.' Once one of the largest banks in the City had granted a loan to the Soviets the others would be obliged to follow suit. The Moscow Government would obtain modern machinery, satisfy the needs of the peasants, pacify the labor opposition. Farewell to the hope of a collapse of the system! Farewell to the hope of recovering the concessions purchased so cheaply from the refugees. The import of Russian petrol into England would increase, prices would drop, shares would fall on the Stock Exchange. It would mean the failure of the policy so persistently pursued for four years.

Something must be done immediately to stop the scandal. Thereupon a press campaign was launched, as violent as it was incoherent; at one and the same time Bolshevism was denounced as a mortal danger to European civilization and the collapse of the régime within six months was foretold. There was urgent need to break off relations with the Soviet Union and drive from the country the importers of Communism and oil.

Unluckily, the Foreign Office turned a deaf ear. Mr. Baldwin, whose brother is in partnership with the Harriman group in one of the largest capitalist-Soviet syndicates in Russia, — Georgian Manganese, — knew the real mind of Moscow too well to be thrown on to the wrong scent. Moreover, it was very clear that the Westminster Bank had not negotiated with Moscow without the knowledge of the Foreign Secretary.

To force Sir Austen Chamberlain's hand, then, a great coup was necessary. Sir Henri Deterding likes to be called the 'Petrol Napoleon.' Like his model, his ideas are bold, his persistence is unconquerable, and he has a taste for violent and sudden attacks which rout the enemy.

On Wednesday, May 11, the agreement for the Soviet loan of ten million pounds was signed at a private meeting held at the Westminster Bank.

The following day, by order of the Home Office, the police invaded the offices of Arcos, and, in defiance of the extraterritoriality granted by Britain to the agents of the Soviet Government, proceeded to institute a detailed search.

Straightway — before the seized documents could have been examined impartially — the Rothermere press indignantly denounced the bad faith of the Bolshevist Government, which spied and fomented revolution under cover of its diplomatic immunity. The rest of the press joined in the chorus in good faith, impressed by the official character of the search and believing that they were defending law and order. Faced by the widespread public disquiet, what could a Conservative Government do? Mr. Baldwin could not treat a raid carried out by one of his ministers as null and void, and so throw his own party into confusion. He decided to hand their passports to the Soviet Embassy staff. And Sir Austen Chamberlain was compelled to

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defend before the House of Commons a policy which was not his own. True, he stated that a diplomatic rupture did not involve the rupture of trade relations; but the public could not grasp these fine distinctions. For them the guilt of Moscow was an established fact. The effect of the rupture throughout Europe was immense.

It burst upon M. Stalin in the midst of his schemes for a rapprochement with Western capitalism. He had been given to understand that the loan from the Westminster Bank must be accompanied by reassuring declarations on the part of the Moscow Government, and that, if the removal of the financial blockade was to bear fruit, European public opinion must be prepared for the change. At that particular juncture all the important men of affairs all over the world were to meet at Geneva for the International Economic Conference.

No sooner had the negotiations with the Westminster Bank taken a favorable turn than the world was astonished by the spectacle of the Soviet Government, hitherto all defiance toward the League of Nations, declaring its readiness to accept the League's invitation. Since the murder of Vorovsky Moscow had refused to send any delegation to Switzerland; now it effected a reconciliation with Berne in three days. Immediately on their arrival the Soviet representatives made statements of sensational import. They declared that the capitalist system was doomed by the mortal conflicts within itself; but after this necessary homage to Marxian principles they stated that, pending the triumph of their principles, — in the far future, — Russia needed European wares and Europe needed the Russian market, and that connecting links must be established between the two systems — Communist and capitalist; and that the Soviet Union would be willing to collaborate with bourgeois governments in reconstructing the old world by means of loans.

I was present at the time as an 'observer' at the Geneva Conference, and I noted the amused irony with which business men from all countries compared the intransigent principles of the Russian delegates with their amiable conclusions. But nearly everyone said, 'What do opposing theories matter, when interests agree?'

The object, desired in London even more than in Moscow, had been attained.

But the very next day, like a bomb thrown in the midst of a shareholders' meeting, the news of the Arcos raid burst upon us.

'No, no!' was the cry everywhere. 'If Soviet ambassadors act as spies, we don't go a step further! They can't ask for our capital and at the same time foment revolution in our countries. One can't negotiate with such people.'

The spell was broken. In a few hours Sir Henri Deterding had destroyed the frail bond of sympathy needed for the accomplishment of the City's plans.

But the practical consequences of the rupture were far more serious. Evidently the Westminster Bank could not grant credits to a state with which the British Government refused to maintain diplomatic relations. The agreement for a loan of ten million pounds was therefore annulled. Arcos had wisely withdrawn the gold deposits which it had placed with British banks, and in consequence the banks refused to discount bills drawn by British contractors upon Soviet trusts.

To avert the danger, Mr. Chicherin hurried to Paris to hasten the Franco-Soviet negotiations and to offer to certain Parisian banks the opportunity of taking the place abandoned by the City financiers. But a violent press

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campaign was promptly launched in the leading French papers against the Communist menace. The faintest stir on the part of the tiniest 'cells' assumed the proportions of 'great revolutionary plots.' The 'National Union' Government, which wanted a Red spectre to prepare the ground for the coming elections, in accordance with the time-honored prescription of the National Bloc, gave rein to the scaremongers.

Finally, the German banks could no longer rediscount in London their drafts on Moscow, and, consequently, they refused credits to German manufacturers working for Russia. One large firm in the Rhineland was obliged to delay delivery in an important metallurgical contract

At one blow Mr. Stalin found himself unable to solve the problem of equipment which governed the fate of the peasants and workers of Russia. He would have to face the Communist opposition as one who had humiliated the Revolution before the capitalist world and gained nothing but a rebuff. If it was to be expected that he would be crushed by the united displeasure of the Communist workers and peasant proprietors, then Napoleon Deterding might hold that he had won his Austerlitz.

Unluckily, Russia — Napoleon himself learned it by experience — is a strange country; one can never tell how it will react.

THE GERMAN VIEW OF JUTLAND[1]

BY ADMIRAL VON REINHARD SCHEER

FORMER CHIEF OF THE GERMAN ADMIRALTY, AND LEADER OF THE GERMAN FLEET AT JUTLAND

[THE editor of the *Fortnightly Review* prefaces this article with the following note: 'I am publishing the accompanying article on the Jutland Battle by Admiral Scheer because I believe the German admiral to be an honorable man who tells the truth as it appears to him. Naturally I accept no responsibility as to facts or the general outcome of the Jutland Battle. But it is a British instinct to like to "hear the other side" and to give credit where it is due. And eleven years have passed since the battle took place. I may add that the article has been submitted to the Board of Admiralty, which has no objection to its publication.']

Harper's Record concerning the Battle of Jutland, the publication of which had aroused such great expectations of important revelations, — particularly in view of the fact that the British Admiralty had refused to release it for more than seven years and a half, — must, I fear, have proved a great disillusion.

This report gives us no new facts as to the course and conduct of the battle, and it also avoids drawing any conclusions as to the strategic significance of this battle in relation to the outcome of the war, or as to the laws governing naval encounters in general. It appears

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to me to be rather a contribution to the controversy between Admirals Jellicoe and Beatty, for public opinion in England is still considerably wrought up in the matter of this controversy. I personally have no intention of taking up any particular attitude in this debate, for I may content myself with the mere fact that it has taken place. I am also well able to understand that the British Admiralty was in no particular hurry to make public the reproachful and critical disquisitions regarding the course of action adopted by the two leaders in the one great naval battle which took place during the entire World War. I trust that I may be pardoned for remarking that this British criticism of the British leadership in this battle is scarcely compatible with the maintenance of the thesis, so widely promulgated at the time, that Jutland was an English victory. At the beginning of the Great War not only England, but the entire world, was convinced of the unmitigated superiority of the British navy, and that it was inevitable that any encounter between the British and the German fleets should lead to the defeat of the latter.

A superior fleet is entitled to register a success only when it is able to achieve the complete destruction of its opponent. And since this destruction did not come to pass, and since, moreover, the preponderant fleet in this case suffered even greater losses than its opponent, the weaker fleet being able to get off almost unimpaired in its fighting power, it is conceivable, most humanly conceivable, that great disappointment should prevail among our esteemed ex-enemies. It is also obvious that public opinion in a country like England must be quieted by arguments and plausible reasons and explanations, for the Englishman looks upon his navy as his traditional guaranty for the maintenance of the British Empire.

In the choice of these assuaging arguments and explanations, no particular or detailed attention was paid to the essence of modern naval warfare. And it is this which really induces me to express my opinion as to the truth about Jutland, the more so since a considerable period of time has elapsed since this event — one of the greatest actions of the World War — took place. And this great action is the more important in that it challenges us to serious thought upon the very concept of the 'influence of sea power.'

The causes of the remarkable and unexpected outcome of this battle — unexpected, as I have said, not only in England — are usually sought in the action and attitude of the commanders and in the different nature and quality of the *matériel* which was placed at their disposition. Zealous efforts were and are still being made to establish the tactical errors made by the individual commanders, or to put the blame upon the imperfection or inadequacy of this or that type of battleship construction.

Now it is only the actual battle encounter which furnishes the practical test as to whether the ships have lived up to the expectations and demands which were set up at the time of their planning, and the experiences thus acquired are naturally always used to bring about further improvements. But this experience cannot be acquired beforehand, and it is therefore an error to assume that a commander should allow himself to be hindered or thwarted in his course of action by the assumption that his own ships are inferior to those of the opponent — with whose *matériel* he has as yet no means of comparing his own.

Admiral Beatty has been reproached for plunging too sharply into action as soon as he came in sight of the German cruisers, without having taken

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the precaution of having his supporting squadron — the Fifth Battle Squadron — closer at hand. It appears to me that this censure is unjustified. It was a natural impulse of the British admiral, who commanded six battle cruisers, to attack the five German ships, in order to hinder them from escaping, for he was bound to take into consideration the possibility that this smaller group would make an attempt to avoid the encounter.

I hope that I may be permitted to point out that it does not say much for the spirit of offense actuating the critics of Admiral Beatty in that they should blame him for the loss of two vessels by his giving battle to the five German ships with his six, and not waiting until the four swifter dreadnoughts of the Queen Elizabeth class had come up to change the relation from six to five into ten to five. There ought really to be no need of carrying anxiety as to loss of *matériel* to such a degree in a navy of such numerical superiority as the British. And, on the other hand, these censors and critics contradict themselves when they contend that the German fleet should have taken up the gage of battle with the preponderant fleet, and attribute to it no other motive than that of making a safe escape.

This version was very skillfully chosen by the compilers of the first reports of the battle which were given to the British public, for it was obviously necessary to assuage the tremendous disappointment which seized upon the English people as soon as the news of the great losses became known. But even though this version cannot be maintained in the remorseless light of historical investigation, we find that the myth that the British fleet was deprived of its victory only because the German fleet made a speedy retreat as soon as it saw itself opposed by the Grand Fleet still stubbornly persists. This legend is still actively circulated, as for example in the third volume of Winston Churchill's *The World Crisis*, recently published — something which, of course, need not greatly surprise us, since it was precisely he who had undertaken the task of serving up the failure of Skager-Rak (or Jutland) as tastefully as possible to the British public, after the first bulletins of the battle had wrought such havoc.

The actual course of events — and these have been correctly described in Volume III of Corbett's Report — was, in brief, as follows: —

> Admiral Jellicoe had received a report from Admiral Beatty to the effect that after an hour's engagement with enemy cruisers he had come upon the entire German High Sea Fleet. This lay in a direction somewhat southeast of the Grand Fleet. Admiral Jellicoe drew his squadron toward the east, and thereby attained the most favorable position in relation to the wind for the impending artillery fight — namely, in the lee of the enemy.
>
> After Admiral Beatty had sighted the bulk of the German Fleet he broke off the action between the cruisers, and was pursued by the German ships. During this action the Fifth Battle Squadron, which he commanded and which had already taken part in the cruiser battle, received numerous hits. Admiral Beatty took up a northerly course toward the main body of the British Fleet, drawing the German main body very skillfully toward the British main body, so that Admiral Jellicoe was able to develop his line of battle and to envelop the head of the German squadrons in a huge bow.

After I had received reports from my vanguard to the effect that the British fleet had been sighted, I continued upon my easterly course. It was at this point that we should have put about and retreated had we wished to avoid the encounter. But no such thought entered my mind. We kept on

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our course toward the enemy, and thus came within his encompassing action.

This position, so unfavorable for the German artillery, — a position which offered no prospects for a successful fight, — was avoided by the German fleet making a simultaneous turn upon a westerly course. The British fire ceased. A pause took place in the action. What was the next step to be? The idea of breaking off the action for good and of continuing upon this westerly course into the free North Sea, and thus rendering it difficult for the opponent to keep in touch, in view of the impending darkness, was rejected. Other tactical possibilities, such as converting the action into a circular one and thus getting the better position to windward, appeared inexpedient. On the contrary, I determined to make another simultaneous turn upon an eastern course in the direction of the English, which would enable me to send out the torpedo boats from our van against the long-drawn British battle line in front of us.

This turn, which brought our opponents into the favorable position of being able to 'cross the T,' has been designated as a tactical error, but its success attests the correctness of the manœuvre. The superiority in the matter of gunfire enjoyed by the British leaders in this position was sacrificed by them because of their anxiety in view of the probable losses through the attacks of the torpedo boats.

The tactics adopted by the German side were therefore by no means induced by the thought of how to get clear of the enemy, but rather by the thought, 'How can we take up action with him again and yet obtain some advantage from this tactically unfavorable situation into which we have accidentally been placed?' The reproach that the Germans evaded battle with the main body of the British fleet is totally unjustified, and based upon false assumptions. The second attack upon the British line of battle is the most striking proof that nothing was further from our thoughts than to think of 'escape.'

As to whether Admiral Jellicoe acted rightly in turning aside during this phase of the fight in view of the impending torpedo-boat attacks is something that I do not wish to discuss in this place. His action, to be sure, brought us certain advantages. After the conclusion of the battle by daylight, the German fleet was now in a position to arrange its course by night in such a way that it would be able to choose a tactically favorable position for the continuation of the battle the next morning, a contingency with which it had surely reckoned. This favorable disposition lay in the securing of a lee position, and this was possible only near Horn's Riff, because the shallows and mines east of this offered no room to the British ships, which, owing to the prevailing west winds, could heave in sight again only to windward.

The German fleet had maintained this course during the night, quite unconcerned by the torpedo-boat onslaughts of the British. It then took up a waiting position at Horn's Riff until reports as to the whereabouts of the damaged ships had come in, and then, as there was no glimpse of the enemy to be had, and the oncoming fog precluded all further possibility of action, it took up its return course.

We shall come closer to 'the truth about Jutland' if we drop the myth about the German desire to 'escape,' as well as all this raking forth of unessential faults and errors of the British leadership in this battle. One ought rather to seek it in the dilemma in which Admiral Jellicoe found himself in

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view of his general strategic task and the orders under which he stood — orders which led to this Battle of the Skager-Rak.

At the outbreak of the war the British Admiralty had decided to adopt the strategic defensive, inasmuch as it hoped to achieve its goal by the operation of the principle of 'the fleet in being,' for, favored by the geographical position of the British Isles in their relation to the North Sea, it determined to cut Germany completely off from all traffic by sea and thus strangle her economically by the quiet pressure of maritime power.

Winston Churchill, in his Guildhall speech of November 9, 1914, had declared that the 'economic stringency' induced by a sea blockade required time until its effects should be fully felt. This resulted in the reserved attitude of the Grand Fleet in its almost unassailable position near the Orkney Islands, a position in which, should the opponent have ventured upon an attack, all the advantages would have been on the British side.

The principle of 'the fleet in being' was, however, a wrong one for a navy of inferior strength, for by giving up the offensive it merely fulfilled the wishes of its opponent, and was at the same time incapable of damaging him to the same extent in the carrying out of his sea traffic. Such a navy therefore eliminated itself voluntarily, and contented itself with its supremacy in the Baltic, which was not threatened by the English.

Had the international agreements with regard to maritime traffic in time of war, as these were embodied in the London Declaration of 1909, been fully observed, then, to be sure, Germany would not have suffered from the aforesaid 'economic stringency.' For this reason England was forced to ignore these stipulations, and did ignore them, despite the protests of the neutrals, including the United States. Germany, therefore, was given no other recourse than to make use of the submarine merchant warfare, but this gave assurance of success only if it could be waged without taking account of neutrals — at least of those neutrals who persisted in trading with England, in spite of the declaration of the U-boat blockade.

But, as the German Government found itself unable to come to a resolute determination to ignore the protests of America, — as England had done in the matter of international law at sea, — it became necessary for the German navy to seize the offensive in 1916.

After the bombardment of Yarmouth and Lowestoft in April 1916 — raids the real object of which was to force the British fleet to emerge from its secure retreat in the Orkneys — Lord Balfour, then First Lord of the Admiralty, sought to quiet the population by declaring that all preparations had been made to punish the Germans severely were they to attempt another such attack. The German Admiralty thereupon concluded to bombard Sunderland. Surely no one will venture to say that this was the proper way to avoid an encounter with the British navy. This plan, to be sure, was not put into operation in May 1916, because the aerial scouting service could not be made use of at that time. The plans were altered, and took the shape of an advance in the direction of the Skager-Rak, and this led to the battle of May 31 — both fleets being forced to fight at an almost equal distance from their bases.

On the nineteenth of August, 1916, the Sunderland project was once more taken up and carried out. On this occasion the German squadron approached the British coast to within a distance of forty nautical miles, but

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was diverted from its goal by the report from its air service that great numbers of hostile units were visible in a southerly direction. This, too, ought to prove that the German fleet gave more than one opportunity to the English for meeting it upon the seas.

The Commander-in-Chief of the British naval forces, in being ordered to oppose a renewed attack by the Germans, stood face to face with a task which diverged from his general strategic duty. In addition to this, the time in which the meeting of the two fleets took place — that is to say, late afternoon — was an undesirable one for the British leaders, for, according to Admiral Jellicoe's memorandum as to the conduct of the battle, he would have preferred to have the whole day before him in order to be able to make full use of his numerical ascendancy.

The general strategic defensive demanded reserve and repression so that the striking power of the Grand Fleet might not be diminished, and the sacrificing of ships was therefore to be avoided. But a battle always demands the risking of fighting forces, for no success can be won without such risks. When fleets put forth to sea in time of war they must reckon with the possibility of an encounter. Only tactical points are to be considered. And a great tactical success automatically includes strategic exploitation. The destruction of the German fleet would have proved an enormous success for England, for it would have made impossible the carrying out of the U-boat war, the damaging effects of which England had already begun to experience — despite the limited application of this form of warfare. For the submarine fleet, deprived of its support in the capital ships, would soon have been blocked in its action.

The encounter at the Skager-Rak gave the German navy the assurance that it was able to cross swords with the British. Its advantages lay in its greater mobility and in the use of the torpedo in conjunction with the dreadnoughts. It was this confidence which induced the German navy to make another raid upon the English coast — on August 19, 1916.

To the strategic limitations imposed upon Admiral Jellicoe in the matter of avoiding losses in ships must be added the tactical helplessness of his long-drawn line of battle. But from the very moment that Admiral Jellicoe had the chance to annihilate the German fleet by his preponderance of ships — forty-five as against twenty-seven major units — his adherence to the strategic leitmotif of avoiding losses in ships became a fallacy. An abiding faith in the best traditions of the British navy, the tradition of conquering an enemy in open and chivalrous battle rather than by the chicanery of politicians, ought, one might think, to have brought forth the resolution to convert this encounter at Jutland into another glorious First of June. Instead of this, England was obliged to incur the great danger of the U-boat warfare, from the consequences of which she was released only by the intervention of America. And it was America that harvested the success of the naval battle of May 31, 1916. *That* is the truth about Jutland.

In that Great Britain, instead of destroying the enemy fleet *à tout prix*, resolved to carry on naval warfare exclusively in the realm of economics, she has set up a precedent which might entail great danger to herself in future wars, for she has shown the great significance of this factor, and there will, no doubt, be many willing pupils. This all the more so as the peoples must all take an ever greater interest in traffic upon the seas, and as the influence of small Powers has grown enormously

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through the exploitation of warlike means and measures which were developed during the World War.

The British principle of the 'fleet in being' cannot be applied in the case of a conflict between navies of equal strength, and it is rendered more than difficult when the war is carried across whole oceans. It was the geographical situation which favored its application in the naval war between England and Germany. The huge and expensive major fighting ships would otherwise be condemned to fulfill the function of holding a reserve post, and a fight in closed battle formation has become impossible with the intervention of swift submarines. The naval disarmament which has already been established by the United States of America has deprived the British navy of its historic ascendancy.

The chief interest of naval armaments is now centred upon the lighter units and fighting machines. And surely this means nothing else than speculation upon the prospects of mercantile war. There is but one thing which can prevent this with any measure of success — the abolition of the right of seizure at sea. In this wise the World War, the final arbitrament of which lay upon the seas, may still be able to bring a blessing to the nations, in spite of the grim and terrible wounds it brought them, by limiting and restricting the possibility of wars in the future.

HOW THE GERMAN FLEET REVOLTED[1]

FROM A SAILOR'S DIARY

THE first signs of revolt in the navy occurred on our boat on Sunday, the twenty-sixth of October, 1918. We had been lying in dry dock for eight days, having our port propeller repaired. The last day of our stay, a Sunday, we were to take on coal and put to sea. This Sunday arrived like any other day, and the electricians moved the capstan to the upper deck to make way for the coal.

Since I had to help with the capstan, I remained on the upper deck for a short time, and as I was working I heard one of the sailors near me say: 'Do what you please with the capstan; we're not going to take on any coal.'

'How so?' I asked. 'Why are n't we taking on coal?'

Apparently he did not want to answer me, for he held his peace; while for my part I thought it was a joke.

When I had finished my work and had gone below decks again, another of my comrades said to me: 'Listen here, have n't you noticed that the coolies have refused to shovel the coal?'

I now recalled that the officer in charge had shouted out time and again, 'Fall in for coaling duty!' while at least twenty men had stood loitering about on the upper deck. Ever since noon the coal supply had been ready to be taken on board.

At noon the word was passed around in the messroom that the coolies had

[1] From *Vorwärts* (Berlin Conservative-Socialist daily), *September* 13, 14, 15

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assembled under the forward battery and had refused to load the coal. We all waited excitedly to see what the captain would do. When our midday rest was over the boatswain's mate shouted, 'All hands at the coaling station!'

As he gave this command to the men by the forward battery I heard him being greeted with whistles and catcalls. Many of the stokers who were below decks with me at the time ran up to get a better idea of what was going on. I could not follow them myself, because I was still busy cleaning the ship.

The boatswain's mate whistled three times in succession — always with the same result. Obviously he had made some announcement as he was doing this, because the next thing he did was to shout, 'All hands on deck!' Nobody moved. One of the men standing near me by the stairway said: 'The captain is there.' After this command the captain, having walked past the forward battery on his way to the lazaretto, asked in a loud voice why no one had shouted 'Attention!' when he arrived. As he went on inquiring why things were at such loose ends and why no one had come on deck when the command was given, he was greeted by the song, *Nach der Heimat möcht' ich wieder!*

The captain then announced that there was no point in being stupid. He felt as if he were our father, and wanted to have us come out on deck. Finally one of the engineers came below and asked us to come up. There the captain delivered himself of the following remarks: 'Men, I am deeply ashamed and distressed at what has happened. Until now our German fleet has always been worthy of its flag and the Kaiser, to both of whom it has sworn its allegiance. What I have just experienced seems like the beginning of the end.' (Here he gave an account of what had just happened.) 'Men, have you deserted your God completely, and will you lead us to destruction? Our fleet is essential to our welfare. It is a factor that the enemy must take into account, and no unworthiness has ever been tolerated in it. Nevertheless, a few people have permitted themselves to act in a deeply unworthy fashion to-day. I do not believe that it represents the feelings of all of you, and I hope and believe that such behavior will never occur again. I say it to you all, and warn you that I shall oppose such action with all the means at my disposal. I shall now have the officer in charge go through the whole ship, and everyone whom he finds in hiding below will be brought before a court-martial. Dismissed!'

After this the coaling proceeded in an orderly fashion, but more slowly than usual, and when it was all on board we put to sea, anchoring later in Wilhelmshaven Roads. The next few days passed off quietly. On the twenty-ninth of October the command was given, 'All hands on deck!' and the commanding officer announced that on the afternoon before five hundred and fifty men on the Helgoland and the Thuringen — it was at least that many, if not more — had mutinied, and their ships had been withdrawn from the battle line at sea and brought back to Wilhelmshaven.

Concerning these proceedings, some of which we had been able to observe from on board the Nassau, he made the following announcements. The crews of the two ships had been trying to coerce their officers in the hopes of bringing about an armistice. They refused to get up steam; they had broken the bow windlass and had thus prevented the ships from being able to raise their anchors. Our captain remarked that we should be imbeciles

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to do the same thing, because he could cut our anchor chain and let us drift helplessly into the mine fields. The commander of the squadron had also ordered a ship, manned by the crews of torpedo boats and U-boats, to be prepared to sink any other vessels whose crews might mutiny. After this announcement the crews of the two vessels assembled in front of their forward batteries, put out the lights, and barricaded themselves, and when they were commanded to come out they refused to move. The command was then given for shots to be fired into the parts of the two boats that the crews occupied.

This order was never executed, because the commandant's first officer wisely tried to get the crews out by hinting that the commander of the squadron would take decisive measures. The crews then asked if they would be shot when they came out, and when they were assured that nothing would happen to them they emerged, and were brought by steamer into Wilhelmshaven.

Our captain closed his speech with more exhortations and explanations.

The next day passed quietly. On the second of November the Ostfriesland, the Oldenburg, the Posen, and the Nassau went through the Canal and anchored near Brunsbüttel. On the fourth of November we took on more coal, and were ordered to go to sea, so that none of the crew could get in touch with anyone on shore. As the captain later explained, he took these measures to prevent any concerted action.

While we were taking on coal the rumor spread that the crews of all the Kiel squadron had mutinied and had forced the commanders of the fortresses on shore to yield to the demands of the Council of Sailors. In the course of the afternoon two sailors came over from the Posen and told us to go to a meeting on shore that evening. At this meeting a resolution was to be adopted in which we should declare ourselves in agreement with our comrades in Kiel and should communicate this decision to the captain of our ship. This never came off, however, because, as I have said, we steamed away and no one could get on shore again.

At five o'clock one of the torpedo hands said to me that we were not going to attempt to go through the locks, because they were occupied by the coast artillery, who would be likely to come on board and force us to participate in the Sailors' Council.

Nevertheless, at six o'clock the Posen passed through the Canal unharmed; but the Oldenburg, which entered afterward, did not go through. Since the locks were occupied, the searchlight crews on the Oldenburg were ordered to dim their lights, but as they refused to do so the men on shore fired at them and put them out in that way. Then, for fear of bloodshed, the captain withdrew.

As the Oldenburg backed out past us some of our crew greeted the ship with hurrahs. Our captain shouted down from the bridge: 'Shame on you, you rascals! Are you really my crew?' And then the order was given, 'All hands on deck!' The captain made the following speech about the searchlights: —

'Men, when the Oldenburg tried to go through the Canal it was shot at by the men who occupied the Canal. The captain of the Oldenburg, wishing to avoid bloodshed, retreated. Is n't it disgraceful and shameful that a warship should have to act this way? I could not help hearing part of my crew rejoicing just now because it delights certain rebels to hinder the progress of a German warship.'

At this point our own searchlight began to burn more dimly, and gradu-

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ally went out. Why this happened no one quite knew at the time, but it was suggested that the captain himself had brought it about. He looked at the searchlight several times, and continued: 'The light is out. Good! Now it will be decided whether we are harboring mutiny and rebellion in our midst. Let whoever is against me go to the port side of the boat, and let whoever is with me and with the Kaiser gather on the starboard side. Rebels, away from me!'

In the darkness, broken only by uncertain lights from other ships, the deck officers shouted to the crew: 'All hands to starboard! Men, make no mistake. Think of what is involved.' And they pushed and shoved everyone toward the starboard side. A few shouts of 'To the port!' were drowned out by the deck officers. Although the crew were not really loyal to the captain, they knew the danger they were in, and in the end, though everyone may not have been on the starboard side of the boat, it certainly looked as if they were. After our captain had gathered the crew on the starboard side, one of the officers shouted, 'Three cheers for our commander, Captain ——!' The captain took his three cheers and continued with his speech.

'I thank you. I knew that my crew was faithful. Your three cheers have told me that you will be true to me and that you will not drag our honored flag of battle in the dust. As for you,' — and he turned to the other side of the ship, shaking his fist, — 'may disaster overtake you!'

After we had been dismissed, a double watch was posted and the searchlights were illuminated again. To all appearances our captain could have taken his ship away, but he received orders from the commander of the battle squadron not to move. Since I was in charge of a searchlight that evening, I could get a good view of what was going on.

Soon after I returned to my post the lights on the Ostfriesland and the Oldenburg, both of which lay on the other side of the Canal, were extinguished, and a great number of armed sailors began silently rowing over toward the Ostfriesland from all the other boats except ours. Half of the crew of the Posen had come back through the Canal, while the rest of its personnel had stayed behind. Soon after the demands of the mutinous sailors had been communicated to the chief of the squadron the men on the Ostfriesland burst out singing once more, *Ich hatt' einen Kameraden*, apparently in honor of their arrested comrades from the Helgoland and the Thuringen. I also saw people going ashore with guns.

The next day after reveille we received a wireless message from a military council on board the Ostfriesland, saying, 'Let everyone except the men on watch put on their blue uniforms and go ashore to the meeting.' These orders were sent out from the Ostfriesland, and were relayed to all the other boats by semaphore. After a little while a big band and a parade carrying red flags marched past us on the shore. The paraders belonged to the coast artillery and to the crews of the other ships, and they gave three cheers for their comrades on board the Nassau.

In the meantime a number of our crew had arranged some floating bridges to get on shore, and when these were put down two men with red arm-bands came on board and begged us to make common cause with them. We came to an understanding and laid our demands before them. They told us that no one would be allowed to drink any alcohol, and that we must preserve quiet and order. The men on watch were begged to attend to their duty just as carefully as ever, and we were

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advised to put our liquor and ammunition supply under guard. The head man announced: 'We must above all else remain ready for military action, but not for aggression. We must be prepared to defend our Fatherland if need be.'

The officers were then told that they could continue to perform their duties under the supervision of the Sailors' Committee, whose demands were as follows: The same mess for men and officers; the same form of justice, trial, and punishment, based on humanity and not on dead regulations; no more salutes on shipboard or shore; just apportionment of the canteen surplus; abolition of unnecessary watches and labors; just permissions for leaves; release of all men under arrest except those held for stealing.

The captain replied that as far as he was concerned the officers did not require any special kind of food or drink. He wished to avoid the shame of having the red flag flying on his boat, since he feared that we were going the way of Russia. He was told that the war flag could remain flying, and that we were not undergoing any revolution, but merely wanted to assert our rights as human beings. Certain concessions were at once allowed. The officers were permitted to attend our meetings, and the noncommissioned officers, who had held themselves apart till now, began giving orders again, and shouted, 'All weapons and ammunition this way!'

After this had happened, our men decided to join the parade on shore, and the officers followed them slowly. Since I myself was on watch at the time, I had to remain on board.

On land I could see the crowd being kept in control by mounted sailors. At noon everyone returned to the ship, and in the afternoon went on shore again. In the course of the first afternoon forty infantry soldiers were brought on board, whom our crew had seized. One of these men told me: 'We were recalled from the field and told to preserve order in some unknown place, and when we arrived here, in an armored train, we saw clearly enough what was the matter. Our train stopped amid whistling and alarm signals, and our commander told us to keep the tracks of the railway station free. Since we did not know what might happen, two of us were attached to each steam engine, but we were soon arrested by your crew and brought here.' Since other infantrymen had been sent to oppose us, the whole lot of them, amounting to a company in all, had been seized and apportioned to the various ships. Our crew later announced that they would have blown up the ship if the infantrymen had turned on us. It was clear to us now that we should have to finish what we had begun, if we valued our lives.

At the meeting that evening we received a wireless message from the men at the coast artillery station which said that we should not be given any provisions either from Kiel or Cuxhaven unless we flew the red flag. We had food for seven days on board, and we replied that we should remain true to our comrades' cause. At this point we broke off communication and decided that there was nothing for us to do but to display the red flag. The meeting was then given the alarming news that the officers had threatened to blow up the ship rather than fly the red flag, and that on board the Ostfriesland the officers were barricaded.

It must have been shortly after eleven o'clock that evening when I was awakened by the sound of people running on the deck above, as if all hands had turned out for a manœuvre. I sat up in my hammock and looked about me. 'What's the matter?' I cried.

'Everybody out! We're going to

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blow up!' shouted a skinny sailor from Berlin, seizing me and shaking like a leaf.

'What's the matter?' I repeated.

'The officers are going to blow us up,' he replied.

In a moment I had leaped out of my hammock, put on my socks and trousers, and hurried out on deck, scrambling under the other hammocks as I went. I was prepared to leap overboard. By the door leading to the deck I ran into someone standing by an open trunk and stuffing different things into his pockets.

'What's the matter?' I asked.

'The officers are going to blow us up. You better hustle.'

Convinced that trouble was brewing, and hearing a tremendous noise of footsteps between decks, I kept on running, fighting my way into my clothes. The messroom was deserted, and I ran on toward the stern, where everyone seemed to be assembling. Somebody shouted, 'Everyone with firearms go astern!' Near me I noticed a man with a package of valuables in his hand that he did not want to leave on the boat. Suddenly I heard him shout, 'Good Lord, I've left my purse down below!' and he tossed the package aside and dived downstairs again.

The next question was whether all the searchlights were in order. Since I was in charge of one of them, I clambered up the iron ladder and investigated it, discovering that it refused to function. 'Hello!' I reflected. 'Have the officers done their work already?'

I ran down between decks again to see if the searchlight transformer was clear, and all the time the thought was in my mind to get out on that upper deck where the crew was before the boat blew up. I also thought automatically of my home, my parents, my sister, and my wife. The heat made my breath come hard. I investigated the searchlight transformers, discovered that they worked, and then ran astern again. Flinging myself through the last door, I discovered everyone else running — all but one person, the mate in charge of my deck. 'First mate,' I said to him, 'the others are running toward the stern. Why are n't you going, too?'

'Sure they are — I just gave orders for them to go there.'

I looked about me in astonishment, and except for shouts and cheers nothing unusual seemed to be going on. Again someone shouted, 'Searchlights all clear?'

'Just a second!' I again took my post and turned on the light. 'It goes!' I shouted.

One of the men stationed at the searchlight below me shouted, 'When I switch on my light, yours goes too.'

'Good!'

By now all the noisy crowd of sailors were working on the searchlights. 'Please get out of the way,' I said to one of them; but he stared at me and grabbed hold of my light, and I had to twist it away from him. Suddenly the searchlight below lit up, and so did mine. The command was given, 'Point your lights astern!' and they flashed up and down, illuminating the shore. Another command rang out: 'Point them higher!'

The searchlights revealed a machine gun near the stern gangway. The officers had all come on deck, and were told to go on land, whither they were followed by the searchlights. When they arrived on shore they were told to shift for themselves. Suddenly someone shouted, 'All hands below!' and we all obeyed, taking our positions at the guns. I could see a number of people on shore kneeling down or lying flat on the ground. As things stood at this moment, those of us on board wanted to be with our comrades on shore, while

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the people on shore wished they were with us. 'Will they shoot at us?' I wondered, and I turned my searchlight from the stern and focused it on the land. Nothing could be seen but an active crowd of people in the distance. A voice below shouted out that the rumor that the captain had shot himself was not true — someone had dropped a gun, and it had gone off of itself. The tension relaxed, and the officers decided to march to Brunsbüttel under guard. The boatswain shouted, 'Sling the hammocks!' A breathing space. At least we were able to sleep in peace, but I had to stay on watch from twelve until four.

The next day we learned the following news about the fate of the officers. When the news of the intended explosion first spread, members of the crew who were then holding a meeting broke up and circulated the news. A few men hurried to the stern and gave the officers to understand that they were under arrest. One officer hit a gunner's mate over the head with the butt of his pistol, and another of our comrades was twice hit over the head with one of the officers' guns. Other members of the crew, however, rushed up and took the pistols away from the officers, who were then all disarmed and sent ashore. These officers, contrary to their word of honor, still had weapons in their possession. One lieutenant begged the stoker who had arrested him to allow him to go into his room and get a picture of his family to take with him. The next minute the stoker heard the sound of a shot in the room, opened the door, and found the officer dead in his own blood — he had put a bullet in his head. This was the only bloodshed that occurred.

The noise of the shooting was heard both on land and on shore. The people on the boat thought that the officers on shore had shot at us, and the members of our crew on shore thought the shooting came out of one of the officers' rooms. Both sides prepared to fire, and I am convinced that there would have been bloodshed if another shot had been heard on either side.

The next morning the red flag was displayed. The captain had not gone on shore, having refused to leave his ship. He kept weeping during the day, and was finally transferred to the training ship Hessen, which was lying in the Canal. During the afternoon our starboard side — for that was the one that faced the shore — was cleared for action, since the Readsburger Hussars had arrayed themselves against us.

Toward evening everyone was ordered astern. Our leader, the gunner's mate mentioned above, told us that the Nassau's representative at the meeting on shore was indignant at our having flown the red flag and had explained that we ought to fly the commercial flag. If we did this, it would also mean that the officers and the captain could come on board again — for they could not get anything to eat on land.

When the gunner's mate had finished, our boatswain, an old sailor with gray hair, spoke as follows: 'Although I am a deck officer, I am not against you. We deck officers had plenty to suffer from under the old system. Often enough in the city when we were walking with our family in the street we had to get off the sidewalk when an officer went by, and sometimes one was the father of that very officer. The astonished, puzzled expressions of the little children, the indignity that the whole family had to endure, could not be tolerated. Such occurrences, apart from the senseless routine of the old system, made us eager for a change, and prevent us from being against you. I beg you to believe me. I was with the captain to-day on board the Hessen. The man is completely broken. You have

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proved that the flag means nothing in itself. How can anyone on land ever know what the flag means to us sailors? I therefore beg you, after the commercial flag is flown, to inform our captain of the fact and give him that pleasure.'

His request was granted, and the commercial flag was hoisted, but the captain let it be understood that he would not come on board until the war flag was flown. Again that evening the command was given, 'All hands astern!' and by flashlight one of our men whom we had sent to Kiel, and who had returned with the programme of the sailors at Kiel, told us what had happened. He informed us that the Deputy Noske, who had led the revolt at Kiel, had given him complete freedom as to what flag we chose to fly. As far as he was concerned, we could fly the flag of war, or the commercial flag, or any flag we pleased — or all of them together. Since the flag question was still a burning one among us, it was decided the next morning to hoist the flag of war again, so that the officers would not take that excuse to work against us.

The next day, in accordance with our plans, our flag was flown early in the morning, and we held a conference with the captain, who had returned to the boat. His words came haltingly, but a concealed prejudice against us could readily be detected in them.

I was given leave that day because I had performed volunteer guard duty. At eleven o'clock, when we were returning to the boat, we could see the searchlights clear in the distance, and as we drew nearer we perceived all the crew in the stern. Before we came on board, however, the crew had dispersed again.

On reaching the ship we found that the quiet state of mind that had prevailed during the morning had disappeared. The captain had explained in a speech that the Council of Sailors was not in a position to give him orders, but at most could beg him to do them a favor; and this was all I could discover at the time. Since a great many of the crew were on land, they had waited until the next morning before summoning everyone to a meeting to reconcile the old régime and the new. Next morning the captain repeated his demands, and we came to the following decision: Everyone who sympathized with the captain was to stay in the stern, and those who supported the Sailors' Council were to assemble in the messroom.

Presently the cry went up, 'All hands astern!' As we had foreseen, the crew, the noncommissioned officers, and a few deck officers gathered in the messroom, and here we decided to notify everyone who did not sympathize with us that they had three hours to leave the ship. Presently the first officer appeared, and asked if he could say a few words to us as the representative of the captain. Our chairman asked us, 'Comrades, shall we hear him?' and we answered as one man, 'No, we won't hear another thing,' and the first officer retired. It was then decided to present the following ultimatum to the officers: they were either to make common cause with us, or to leave the ship in three hours without any of their papers.

The captain and the first officer went to the squadron commander's conference on board the Ostfriesland, and then returned to the boat once more. Several officers who were unwilling to come to a decision without consulting the captain were allowed to stay on board until the afternoon, while the other two men were going to Wilhelmshaven, but they were not allowed to circulate freely through the boat. The deck officers who had taken our side fulfilled the duties of the regular officers.

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That afternoon the squadron set out for the North Sea with the Nassau in third place, since we were not fully trusted. Ordinarily we should have been the last of all. During our progress the officers were interned in the stern, whereas the captains of the other ships occupied their usual position on the deck. Our boat was in charge of the steersman and a pilot. I can vouch for the fact that we went through all the manœuvres just as usual, but just before we came out of the Canal we decided to fly the red flag again. When the crews of the ships lying in Cuxhaven saw this, they began shouting and cheering incessantly.

The night passed off quietly, and on Sunday morning we left Wilhelmshaven Roads at an early hour, and were again cheered by the crews of the other ships. Sunday afternoon had been chosen as the time for a meeting of all the sailors and civilians, in a large square in the naval district of the town, and we all paraded into the square at the appointed hour. Each group had music with it and carried flags and banners. It was estimated that one hundred thousand people had assembled in the square. The roofs of the surrounding houses and the tall trees of the square were full of people. Various speakers explained the present situation. After the speeches we fired a salute, for the last time as I remember, and the flag of war at Headquarters was pulled down. Ecstasy seized the throng. About seven o'clock that evening another burst of joy at the prospective end of the war occurred, and fireworks were set off throughout the fleet. The sirens and whistles of the ships made a tremendous, though not a very melodious, noise. Later I saw pictures of these celebrations in one of the Berlin illustrated papers.

All this happened to the first squadron, and to-day the prospects for the future — I am writing on the eighth of December, 1918 — are by no means hopeful. May our enemies in the war recognize our good will, and give us a fair chance to live a decent life.

A GREAT CATHOLIC CONTROVERSY[1]

BY PIERRE MAURY

[LÉON DAUDET'S monkeyshines with the Parisian police momentarily distracted popular attention from the serious conflict between the *Action Française* and the Vatican. With the Holy See asking the Italian Government for a little ground of its own, and with the Al Smith letter still reverberating abroad, the eternal question of Rome's claim to temporal power has come to the fore with a rush. But the *Action Française* affair raises other issues, too. Many of the young French intellectuals, including Jean Cocteau, have turned to Rome as the only firm point of rest in a fluid, tempestuous world, while others, with lawful and orderly political convictions, follow the purely materialistic teaching of Charles Maurras, Daudet's col-

[1] From *La Semaine Littéraire* (Geneva Liberalist weekly), *September* 24

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laborator. Until now the *Living Age* has confined itself to comments on the facts of the case, but here we present a distinctly intellectual view of the larger forces involved.]

THE *Action Française* affair is being revived everywhere: it is not yet over. Many French patriots, convinced that obscure influences are menacing their national integrity and sovereignty, are alarmed by this debate; and certain dumfounded Catholics are even more alarmed by such refusals to obey express pontifical decisions, although these decisions do not necessarily make all the rebels involved guilty of religious indifference. Time silenced the affair for a while, but time has not solved it. Quite the contrary: too many bitter words have been spoken and are being spoken every day; too many personal polemics, often of the basest kind, have envenomed the conflict. Both sides have exhibited bad faith, especially the *Action Française*. And on top of everything else, tremendous spiritual interests have been so gravely threatened that wounds remain open and the passions of the adversaries have not subsided.

It would be vain and immoderate to mention all the indications of this rather concealed effervescence. Furthermore, I imagine that most of my readers will not be directly touched by this conflict, in which I myself am not tempted to engage. As a French Protestant by no means inclined to admit the famous doctrine of 'politics first,' I find that the discussion does not arouse in me any certain conviction or any human preference one way or the other, no matter how much interest and attention it deserves. One cannot, however, coldly contemplate certain spiritual misfortunes, and in particular one does not wish to rejoice maliciously over the discord aroused by this endless squabble. One must give serious thought to the principles implied by Rome's intolerant attitude and by the *non possumus* of many of her supporters who feign submission and respect. Some of the problems are purely Catholic ones; others concern every religious person, and the Protestant feels doubly obligated to understand them and to try to solve them on account of his humanity and his own conception of authority.

One general problem we shall indicate here. As for the rest, it will be more interesting to refer to certain decisions and statements made by Catholic writers gifted with fervent clearsightedness.

The simple question of papal authority does not really lie at the bottom of the debate. Even if the dispute did arise because of the intervention of Rome, that intervention did not bring up the matter of authority. This fact the *Action Française* proclaims unceasingly. If its protestations of respect toward the Holy See often seem derisively injurious, they are not insincere. Some people honestly believe that they can agree with the *Action Française*, revere the Church, and keep their spiritual devotion intact. What these people contest is not the right of the Pope, but the right of God, to interfere in politics. Those who remain faithful to the rationalist relativism of Maurras believe that politics involve only physical experiment and unmoral laws. To their minds, there is no relation between the visible terrestrial realities and the invisible region, the region of faith. At any rate, the connection between these two worlds is so remote that no religious intervention on some detail of secondary importance is admissible. The world of action, they say, should be completely segregated from the religious world.

But who is so blind as not to be able

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to see that they have thus raised the eternal problem of the relations between the Christian and the world he lives in? To what extent is the Gospel applicable to politics? Does it contain precepts that should be applied to public life as well as to private conduct? On the other hand, is it possible for a Christian to hold a purely realistic attitude? Can he, for instance, in the name of legitimate patriotism, adopt a doctrine or adhere to a nationalist party? Or should he perhaps sacrifice his attachment to his country and accept mutilations of his native soil because of his evangelical convictions? This is the real subject of dispute.

The Pope has categorically affirmed the absolute supremacy of the spiritual side. There is no need to search for possible motives that made him pick out our epoch for public condemnation. And even if you suspected his intentions, you could not complain that his words favored one country at the expense of any others; nor could you, in the light of his spiritual prestige, question the strict neutrality of his intentions. It has not been proved, however, that his position is practical or even theoretically tenable, and it is easy to see that the line he has taken is absolute and clear, yet ambiguous. To authorize adhering to any form of government does not, from a Christian point of view, justify any given political group, and to justify all such groups does not give any one group a special preference. Does n't it, rather, lead to rejecting all such groups, since governments inevitably tend to increase their powers continually, even at the expense of spiritual power? In my case the spiritual forces realize this so thoroughly that from time to time they register their misunderstood demands. The condemnation of the *Action Française*, a journalistic enterprise in which Catholics have joined forces with reactionary unbelievers and have thus laid themselves open to being contaminated by a philosophy devoid of religion and to forgetting their dependence on the Church, is merely a repetition of the condemnation of the *Sillon*, brought about by the intellectual and practical compromises of Roman Catholics to certain radical political groups. Rome is as logical in its demands as it is persevering.

Only rigorous theocracy remains, and that is the essence of the Pope's pretension. Practically, however, this solution is a complete anachronism, and no one can imagine its being realized. It is even contestable theoretically, and from a moral and Christian point of view one can merely say that it is valuable only in so far as it tends to hold together a group of people who have agreed in advance to accept the authority imposed. It is easy to understand Jacques Maritain when he says, 'Canossa will always remain the consolation of free spirits.' But only a person who is Catholic at heart and a confirmed believer in the faith can taste the benefits of this freedon.

In any case, the *Action Française* affair clearly involves the application of a general problem that the Protestant finds all the more redoubtable and disturbing because he does not get any outside assistance or direction in solving it. 'Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's' is not an easy text to apply, for we well know that Cæsar is an insatiable, hard master, eager to seize everything that he can from his subjects, even their religious cults. As for the jurisdiction of God, it tends to increase as our faith increases, and its sacred limits extend beyond our inner souls into the outer world.

This explains why certain Protestants, more intense and clear-sighted than others, seem to be overhasty in their denunciation of the temporal

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demands of the Pope. It is, however, more foolish still to look upon the impenitent followers of Maurras as if they were Protestants seeking for freedom of spirit. They have hailed this revolt against Roman authority as the prelude to other declarations of independence, even though such affirmations of common sense may run counter to their political convictions, the reason being that the absolute authority of personal judgment is involved in the dispute. In order to follow them, one must resign one's self to believing that the work of the Reformation was confined to a negative and sterile affirmation of the right to free examination of one's own conscience. Flatly to accept the idea that Protestantism leads to the kind of naturalism with which Maurras's Catholic adversaries reproach him is to declare the complete autonomy of human reason and to place it in judgment over God himself.

Others find themselves forced to adopt an ultra-Lutheran thesis that involves a radical distinction between the natural order of things, including the sinful domain where only the law of force rules, and the supernatural aspect of life, the purely individual ground of Christian liberty. This double infidelity to the Christian principle, which is solidly supported by Calvin, and which proclaims the absolute and universal sovereignty of God, cannot be considered the real Protestant attitude.

Instead, then, of interpreting this revolt of the *Action Française* as a legitimate rebellion of the sacrosanct individual against the interference of the menacing forces of clericalism, it would be wiser to seize this occasion to indulge in a little necessary reflection concerning the problems of spiritual and temporal power. Whether Rome or the individual conscience expresses it, the legitimacy of the rights of God remains incontestable. In a decadent, paganized world how can one fail to acknowledge them? That is the real question, and to every Christian it is a redoubtable and an anxious one. The Protestant at least has the advantage of being able to discuss it in full, without suffering any interference from the pretensions to temporal power made by any church.

In order to understand the reflections that the *Action Française* affair has aroused in the hearts of intelligent Catholics, we must read two recent volumes — *Un grand débat catholique et français* and Jacques Maritain's *Primauté du spirituel*. Both these books endeavor to consider principles in the pure light of charitable intelligence, and both embark on a purely spiritual work. Perhaps Maritain emerges the better of the two, for he suffers more immediately from the rift in French Catholicism. Former bonds of intellectual and human sympathy unite him to certain groups of rebels, and his fear of being accused of ingratitude makes some of his pages almost quiver with pathos. The writers who contribute to the other book, in spite of the nobility of their effort, perhaps reveal traces of sad memories beneath their sincerely Catholic anguish. A number of them were members of the group who submitted their ardor to the judgment of Rome in the *Sillon* dispute. Their faith and their good faith made them suffer so much at that time that their attitude unconsciously reveals the torment they have endured.

This volume is a collection of articles dealing with the different aspects of doctrine and practice involved in the *Action Française* affair, and not one of them takes an indifferent point of view. If necessary, these articles alone would incontestably establish the real paganism that lies at the bottom of their neo-positivist theory of politics. In

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denouncing the de-Catholicizing of certain intelligences that some people have pushed so far as to allow themselves to be directed both by the Church and by Maurras, these contributors show how urgently the disease requires treatment. The people who suffer from it protest their doctrinal fidelity and their submission to spiritual and moral authorities in vain: their pretensions to reserve freedom of judgment in political matters surely prove that they have been contaminated by this new modernism. The Pope condemned only the naturalism of the *Action Française*, not its monarchist theories, and the incident proves that this naturalism was by no means an imaginary heresy, for the rebels had actually put it into practice.

Perhaps the most interesting contribution to this book is the one written by M. Vialatoux, who delves into the basic incentive that has made so many Roman Catholics accept Maurras as their master in spite of his unbelief. Why were they so disposed to submit to this professor of positivism? According to M. Vialatoux, the reasons for their amazing docility are to be found in the eternal temptation to reconcile Christianity and the world we live in, to naturalize supernatural necessities. It is a universal disease from which the fallen race of Adam suffers, and which stiffens our resistance to religion and makes us easy prey to any pagan creed. The seduction this force exercises is not confined to the practical side of our life; it intrudes upon our intellect as well. Our pride and laziness suggest to us a mirage of absolute truths whose possession will make us desire nothing more of life and whose certainty will kill our desire to search further. 'Thus Maurras's school would appear to be an episode in that subtle religious conformation that would like to suffocate the living treasures of the Catholic spirit.'

I should be able to praise Jacques Maritain's book a great deal more if the author's imperious air of authority, his massive affirmations, and his superb intolerance had not irritated me so much. The spectacle of this great and sorrowful Catholic soul, wounded and fervent, finding in its faith alone any reason for hoping that the world will be saved from perdition, awakes an emotion worthy of the noblest spiritual combat. Along with certain pages of doctrine concerning the Thomist solution of the problem of spiritual and temporal demands, Maritain has also testified to his own spiritual anguish and to his own firm belief. He has expressed in such profound terms his devotion to the supernatural reality of the Church — a devotion that most pragmatic writers misunderstand — that a Protestant cannot read the book without sympathy, even though he is aware of the insurmountable obstacles that prevent him from sharing this faith.

It is impossible to give a résumé of his elevated discussion, but we should at least like to quote a few examples of his fervor. M. Maritain contemplates with terror the European decadence of those spiritual values in whose primary importance he believes. He can conceive of nothing finer than the supremely civilizing force of the Latin spirit, which has nevertheless succumbed to material temptations. And if he does not despair of this little promontory of the Asiatic Continent on which we live, it is only thanks to the sureness of his faith. He even permits himself to dream of Christianity being renovated by converts from the native churches in the Orient which the apostolic fervor of his missions is now opening. Are not such confessions of Occidental humility worth encourag-

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ing, especially when they are written by a pen that is ordinarily so sure of itself?

'Europe has killed its past. Let people cry as much as they please over the gods of ancient Greece and over the classic past, the immense secular body of profane Christian culture that every European who comes into the world drinks in with his mother's milk, that nourishes him with life, educates him, and sustains him in all his parts, but that now seems nearly inanimate. All the tenderness and beauty, all the forms, values, and even the images, of our ancestors, who shaped from them a friendly nature and a familiar universe, and who from generation to generation prepared us to receive this inheritance — all these things have suddenly become remote from us; worthy of admiration and respect, to be sure, but immobilized in what is no more. Here unquestionably is the ultimate explanation of the great confusion of modern youth. It contemplates its humanity as if it were a museum; it sees its heart in a show case. Too many masterpieces. Why should we be surprised that youth should want to shatter it all? Since we seem exotic to ourselves, why should we be astonished that nothing else seems exotic to us and that all human forms only awaken curiosity or boredom?

'What kind of benefit used the world to receive from a civilization that, for better or worse, submitted everything to the Church and to its spiritual allies? The Church did not make the world holy or just; the world always remained what it was. The Church did not make it comfortable, restful, or suave; it remained a vale of tears. But it made the world *habitable.* The multitude of men could fulfill their destiny in common conditions of human life without being expected to indulge in heroism. If the saints had themselves crucified like Christ, it was love and not necessity that decided them on this course. Nowadays the Devil has such a thorough grip on terrestrial life that soon only saints will be able to live here. The contradictions of human life are too exasperating. Material things weigh on us too heavily. In order to exist at all we must expose ourselves to too many pitfalls. Christian heroism will soon become the only solution for the problems of life. Then, since God bestows His grace in proportion to the need for it, and tempts no one beyond his strength, we shall undoubtedly see the worst conditions in human history coinciding with a flowering season of saintliness.'

How far we are from the *Action Française* quarrel! But it can only lead us to such heights as these. Many French Catholics consider this dispute a test of their faith. I do not think anyone can contemplate indifferently the way Christians will emerge from such an ordeal.

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AN HOUR WITH PANAÏT ISTRATI[1]

BY FRÉDÉRIC LEFÈVRE

To us, Panaït Istrati, the Rumanian novelist, is a very great French writer. We all recall what Romain Rolland said after reading his work for the first time — 'Behold, a new Gor'kii!' This hour with Panaït Istrati I owe to M. Philippe Neel, the man who has made such a perfect translation of Conrad's *Victory* and *Lord Jim*. And all the time the interview was going on I felt that I should have to communicate to my readers the warm, cordial, and absolutely spontaneous atmosphere that reigned among the six men whom Neel had invited.

Istrati arrived third, in a state of visible excitement, and without waiting to be introduced rushed up to me saying: 'Do you believe in spirits, Lefèvre? Last evening, while I was hard at work writing the thirty-seventh page of my next book, *Les Chardons du Baragan*, I opened the window to clear the smoke from my room, when suddenly a draught blew the page out of the transom into the corridor. I saw exactly what had happened: it had flown out into the large, hermetically sealed hall; and I naturally began looking for it on the ground. It was not there. I reflected with some surprise that it might have slipped under my neighbor's door. I therefore opened it, entered, and searched everywhere, — under the furniture and behind it, — but found nothing. Could it have stuck to the ceiling? I looked up, but again could discover nothing. Opening the door leading to the stairway, I went down a flight. Nothing. I pinched my ear, saying: "Do I exist myself? If that big piece of paper, almost completely covered with writing and numbered page 37, could be an illusion, might I not be an illusion myself?" I at once thought of Mikhail, my first intimate friend, whom I knew when I was eighteen years old, but who has now been dead a long time. He is the hero of my forthcoming book, the *Tales of Adrien Zograffi*, now running through the press. Perhaps it was he who recalled himself to my memory so strangely. Was he trying to carry off into the Beyond that miserable page 37 of mine as a warm witness of my spiritual activity, which he prophesied twenty years ago, in a letter written to me from Mount Athos? He had urged me on that occasion to send him more letters like my last one, for he felt they might be of use to him some day.'

'Splendid, Istrati!' I exclaimed. 'Mikhail was your friend when you were eighteen. But let us proceed in an orderly fashion. I usually begin with my hero's birth.'

With evident amusement, Istrati assumed a solemn air, and began relating the following circumstances.

'I was born on the eleventh of August, 1884, at Braila. You don't know Braila, Lefèvre? It is the second-largest port in Rumania, and was built according to the plans of that great Russian soldier, Kisselev. In that swampy town lived Codine, whom you admired, and also Nerrantsoula, the

[1] From *Les Nouvelles Littéraires* (Paris literary weekly), *October* 1

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little water-carrier, and my youngest heroine.

'I hope to be able to take you walking there some day, — you and all my great Occidental friends, — and to make you realize that the enchantment of these places is even more fairylike than I can say. At the age of eleven I was a celebrated writer in my own suburb. This was due to the fact that any number of forsaken lovers and deceived women would come to me, sobbing and saying, "Panaitaki, won't you write another of those letters of yours that seem to possess the secret of bringing back sulking lovers?" This always gained me two sous, with which I would rush out and buy myself some excellent *alvitza*, or nougat.

'These first author's royalties I spent, alas, as quickly as they were made, just as I do to-day. I had, however, a second métier — an Ingres violin, if you please. On Saturdays all the good Jews in my native suburb awaited me, and if I did not come they would not have their fires lighted or their rooms swept. Thus I made many other sous besides.

'Jews and lovers! Thirty years have passed, and my gratitude still goes out to them: they gave me my first pleasures.

'Such was my childhood; and a beautiful childhood it was. The love of the most perfect of mothers spared me all the sufferings that most poor children had to endure.

'This period was followed by a long, gray epoch of famine, vagabondage, and a little reading.

'My meeting with Mikhail marked the beginning of nine years of heroic activity, of care-free, tumultous friendship and epic vagabondage across Rumania, Egypt, Greece, Turkey, and the whole Mediterranean basin. In April 1909 Mikhail unfortunately had to leave me, for he was suffering from tuberculosis, and said he was going away to Kazan, where he died.

'Just before this harrowing separation he had the pleasure of seeing my first article, signed "P. Istr.," in the *Roumanie Ouvrière*. Years of irregular contribution to the same workers' journal followed, until at last I suddenly attained my ideal of only publishing work in big organs.

'At that time I was working in Braila as a house painter and as secretary to the powerful local trade-union. A strike broke out on account of my activities. I organized the workers and directed them to the best of my ability, but the strike succumbed gloriously. I then wrote an article entitled "The Boers Are Conquered; Long Live the Boers!" alluding to the war in the Transvaal, which I timorously sent to the greatest organ of the country, *Adeverul*. The next day, what was my joyous surprise to read the following information, printed in big type on the front page of this paper: "The strike of the laborers in the Port of Braila has collapsed, and the valiant worker, P. Istrati, has sent us an article written after the battle was over in the blood of a generous heart. We shall publish it in a place of honor in to-morrow's issue." That was my entry into big journalism.

'Immediately afterward I contrib-

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uted to the *Dimineatsa* a series of nine articles on the atrocities that went on in our ports. I also became editor of the *Romania Muncitoare*, and had the honor of correcting articles written by the present Soviet Ambassador to Paris, who had then been expelled by the Rumanian oligarchy. I even remember a rather painful incident of that period. Rakovskii had been arrested when trying to cross the Rumanian frontier. We organized a meeting of protest, and fought the police in the street. I was among the prisoners, and I still remember the beating I got that night. Two years ago I received a telephone call in the rue de Grenelle. It was Rakovskii. "Hello, Istrati! You are n't working on the docks any more."

'"Well, how about you?" I asked, laughing.

'Thus after eighteen years the obscure propagandist and the invincible vagabond met again over a Paris telephone line, one of them the Soviet Ambassador and the other a Rumanian story-teller writing in French.

'I don't want to leave that phase of my journalistic life without recalling the memory of Pegoud in the Rumanian sky doing his famous loop-the-loop. All Bucharest rushed out to see this marvel, and for an hour the capital was empty. I wrote at that time a little article expressing my admiration for a man who had no sooner mastered such a remarkable mechanism than he had learned to perform this prodigious acrobatic trick with it. Some days later I paid my usual visit to Constantin Dobrogeanu-Gherea, one of the most picturesque and admirable figures in European Socialism before the war. On this occasion he alluded to my article on Pegoud, saying: "Istrati, you have the stuff of an artist in you. Your article is one of the finest ever written in our country. But to succeed you must have more than skill; you must apply yourself, too."

'I replied: "I don't like things smelling of the lamp. If I ever succeed, it will be without trying." As things turned out, I had to wait until I was forty.

'In the meanwhile, since a man cannot exist without applying himself to something or other, I decided not to live off my friends any more, and borrowed two hundred francs from Gherea to establish a pig farm. At the end of four months three sows had borne families numbering eighteen in all, and they nearly ate the shirt off my back. Although I had never stuck to regular work, I painted houses in Braila every day to nourish my big family. This lasted for a year and a half.

'In March 1916, while the war was going full blast, I ruefully surveyed my troop of forty pigs, for they were in danger of being eaten by Rumanians or Germans. I would rather have eaten them myself, and therefore had them weighed and sold them at one franc per kilo. On the thirtieth of March I arrived at the Swiss frontier with fifteen hundred lei, and received twelve hundred Swiss francs in exchange.'

'So it's to your pigs that you owe your knowledge of French,' remarked Philippe Neel.

'Just so. That's exactly what I wanted to say. I soon reached Leysin, where one of my friends had died, and there I took the bull by the horns and began to attack French with a vengeance. I had made many vain attempts during my nine years of friendship with Mikhail, but at last I threw myself into the conquest of that beautiful, international language! With what emotion do I still recall his saying to me just as I dropped off to sleep, "Repeat after me, Panaït: *Je dors, tu dors, il dort.*"

'Shut up in a little room in a wooden

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chalet, armed with a dictionary and a furious desire to learn, I opened Racine's *Télémaque: Calypso ne pouvait se consoler du départ.* I only understood the word *consoler*, for it was the same in Rumanian. The dictionary was my only tool, and I never opened a grammar. Nevertheless, page after page and book after book I devoured without a guide, and finally I had read thirty classic works of Voltaire, Rousseau, Montaigne, Montesquieu, and Mme. de Staël.

'Four months in the cloisters! When I returned to reality the walls of my room were covered with clippings, my dictionary was in tatters, and I only had one Swiss franc left. On going out and looking for work, the first man whom I approached and spoke to in my new language was M. Creuze, a Dutchman in charge of a tuberculosis sanatorium. I was embarrassed at first, but he said to me with a smile, "My dear sir, you speak like a book."

'It was in the same rich and savory speech that three years later I wrote the letter to which Romain Rolland alludes in his preface to *Kyra Kyralina.*

'A year of work followed, and then I decided that I had had enough of Leysin and wanted to discover the rest of Switzerland. Opening a newspaper, I found that help was wanted in the post and telegraph service, and I set out for the Orbe Valley, where I worked at putting up telegraph poles. The next two years were gloomy and difficult. Ten successive forms of employment crushed me so flat that in the evening I would fall into a heavy sleep, and had no time for reading. I was never an ascetic, and always had lots of girls, but in Switzerland you have to be a hero to live with one. Four cantons decided that I was an undesirable character, and when an official at Geneva verified our papers and said, "All right," my girl friend and I jumped for joy and shouted, "Bravo, it's like France here!"

'My intellectual preoccupations returned to me at this time — we are now in 1919. I had had three years of the French language, and one day, after talking to Birukov, who had just left Russia. I wrote an article entitled "Tolstoiism or Bolshevism," which I sent to *La Feuille*, edited by Jean Debrit. The next day the article appeared on the first page, signed "P. Istr."

'My first book in French was a great success, and I sent it to Rolland, who replied: "All my prophecies are confirmed. Come and see me." This interview took place on the twenty-fifth of October, 1924. I walked into Rolland's house with a quiet heart, and met a man with large eyes and a gravely smiling face, who said to me as he stretched out his hands: "So this is you, Istrati! I want to talk to you very much."

'I shall never forget this first interview, because we discussed my favorite subject — friendship. Thinking of the solitude that I should have to endure in literary Paris, Rolland spoke to me in particular of two men whom he wanted me to see: "They are Jean-Richard Bloch, one of those rare writers with a really creative spirit, and Léon Bazalgette, a warm-hearted apostle of Walt Whitman. To the former will be confided the difficult task of going over your manuscript."'

'Tell us, Istrati,' I asked, 'are you happier now than you used to be?'

'You have guessed it, Lefèvre. Although my life has been full of misery, I never used to know the kind of anguish I suffer now. Of course, I always had my little troubles, largely compensated for by the great joys that lie at everyone's threshold and that too many people ignore — the pleasures of the road, the forest, the river, and the sun. To-day a heavy responsibility

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weighs upon me. Remember that my first article and all those that followed were fighting articles. That is my destiny. And what do I look like now? A man of letters. Never in my life had I contemplated such a fall. The only thing left is to have my visiting card read "P. Istrati, Man of Letters."'

'I know you are not a man of letters,' I replied. 'However, you will not deny that the appearance of your first book gave you pleasure, will you?'

'Great pleasure; and both of us shared in it, my friend Jonnesco and I.

'I am poor, and I hope to die poor, because I am marching through life accompanied by an immense family of beggars whom I have met on the various roads I have traveled. I am halfway through my work as I conceived it during my long years of vagabondage. When I have written twice as much as I have completed to-day I shall throw away my pen and take to the great highways once more. I shall return to my old friends and shall pass many obscure, joyful hours, free, perhaps, from the heavy responsibilities that now entangle me. In this way I shall have achieved my ideal, which is to deliver one's self of the best that is in one without making this act of deliverance a habit or a profession.'

This is the kind of man Istrati is, besides being one of the greatest story-tellers in the world. His glory spreads beyond the boundaries of the country of his origin and beyond his adopted country, for he is one of the few living people in the world whose works have already been translated into sixteen languages. To have attained such glory one must be more than a writer — one must be a man; and the man in this case makes himself felt in every line of his work. You will find it everywhere — in Uncle Anghel, the moribund old man, in the all too human Stavro in the opening story of *Kyra Kyralina*, in the convict Codine, and in Nerrantsoula. I did not know him yesterday. To-day he is my friend. To-morrow he will be yours.

THE SUNNY ISLE OF JERSEY [1]

BY PAUL BLOCK

ONE of Conan Doyle's novels depicts a lost world in the jungles of South America that survived the catastrophes of the Jurassic period. The scientific expedition that penetrates this remote spot encounters terrifying adventures with beasts and ape-men of primitive times, but its daring is rewarded by wonderful natural beauties and a great wealth of scientific knowledge. And since the English always have a practical sense, each member of the expedition returns with a vast quantity of diamonds.

We do not need to equip any such expedition to discover an equally lost though much less dangerous world in Europe. For a small price a steamer brings us from the coast of Brittany to the Channel Islands that lie between

[1] From *Berliner Tageblatt* (Liberal daily), *September* 21

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France and England, the last remnants of a bygone time. No pterodactyls or ape-men await us, for the brave islanders would protest energetically against any such forms of life. We do, however, find a tremendous wealth of vegetation, many romantic traditions, and a hospitable people who inherit through their Norman ancestors the charm of the French character, though for seven hundred years they have been living under English rule and have learned to be proud of their British nationality. The inhabitants of Jersey, the largest and most beautiful of the islands, pride themselves on having remained true to the Crown during Cromwell's period. Their loyalty turned out to be good business, because their descendants have continued to enjoy the privileges of living in an independent state. They call the King of England 'Our Duke' and 'the Duke of Normandy,' and the decree, 'The King's writ runneth not in these isles,' which dates back to the time of Edward III, still holds.

Jersey has its own administration and its own officials. It is more feudal than Guernsey, which sided with the Parliamentary Party during the Revolution. But all the islands cling firmly to their political independence.

The differences in the laws and the historical and linguistic developments of the four islands — Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney, and Sark — are just as interesting as their flora and fauna. The wild impulse that makes us want to visit every part of the world has not carried many visitors here, and Germans are particularly rare, although Jersey is less than a day's journey from Paris. A few of our noble families were staying in St. Helier, and a Berlin doctor and his wife were in St. Aubin, but during August, in the course of extensive wanderings through Jersey and Guernsey, I did not encounter one of my countrymen. The watering resorts were entirely filled with English. But I heard no complaints about the lack of international society, for the island people can get along quite well by themselves. Foreigners are cordially welcomed, but they are not lured here with gaudy advertisements. Only the English railway stations, whose companies run trains to the ports of Southampton and Weymouth, contain poetic descriptions of this little world where 'the sun always shines.' This poetry is intended for purely English consumption, and apparently perpetual sunshine is only guaranteed if no foreign element enters this remote paradise. During all the time I was in Jersey it only rained one day, and then for but a few hours. Nevertheless, the people complained that it was like winter this year. Happy Jersey!

Whoever wants to reach the islands by way of France can get a steamboat at Granville or at St. Malo. St. Malo is preferable, because the steamers there are bigger and better. The little propeller boats running from Granville to Jersey will only appeal to hardened seafarers, for if a sailor spits off the deck it is enough to start the boat rocking; and the same thing is true of the French steamers that ply along the coast. On a calm day the journey does not take more than two hours, and the only extraordinary thing about it is that the ocean does not seem to be made of water at all. Even someone unfamiliar with the legend of the sunken forest of Quokelund cannot help noticing the numerous reefs that once upon a time attached these islands to Brittany. Our course follows the French coast until Jersey appears out of the mist.

The harbor of St. Helier, the chief city of the island, is flanked by the old Elizabeth Castle on one side and by a

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modern fortress on the other, and you soon feel that you are in another world. There is no dust or dirt here, no noise and shouting, as in the French harbors. The wharves are clean, the workmen polite, and the necessary formalities are conducted without any bickering. As your passport is being stamped, your first glimpse of the island prepares you for the beauty that is in store. You see a broad beach around a wide bay set in green hills dotted with luxuriant gardens and friendly houses, and as you go to your hotel your first real sight greets you. The old town lay on a rocky, unapproachable island by the entrance to the harbor where the ship came in. Now a wide yellow marsh, full of little pools, and spanned by a footbridge, connects it with the shore. A great many people are walking out to the Castle, for it is ebb tide. The whole scene presents a natural masterpiece. That wide beach leading away into the unknown distance we shall explore later. Now we only gaze and see how enticing it is.

Four different paths lie open to us — first the beach, then the railway along the shore, then a road between the trees and meadows, and last of all a broader boulevard disappearing under the shadows of the hill. The streets are in superb condition, and it must cost a lot of money to keep them that way. Is Jersey as rich as all that? The explanation comes later, and proves quite simple. The British Government, as might be supposed, gave the island these fine roads, not only as a token of gratitude for its ancient loyalty, but also because Jersey is a fort and the network of roads serves a strategic purpose. Now, however, they are chiefly used by motors full of sunburned, laughing people. Thus will the island remain for at least the next hundred years. We have had enough strategy until 2027 at least.

A trip along the coast of Jersey is one of the few experiences in life that memory never banishes. Obviously all the marvels and beauties of this island cannot be discovered in a single walk, and it is foolish to take one of these conducted tours from a French watering place, spending only a day here. If you want to see all the wonders of this little world you must put in at least a week, and not only ride, but walk as much as possible, for in this way you will get the greatest pleasure out of your discoveries. In my case, even after I had fulfilled this programme, I felt that I had seen but a little, for the countryside and the people, the past and the present, are so linked together that they make an increasingly deep impression.

The shore of the island is so varied that it includes in a tiny space almost every European coastal formation. St. Aubin's Bay and St. Brelade's Bay, the two big harbors on the south coast, contain the largest settlements, and at ebb tide they provide wonderful places to bathe, with many rocks and little islands dotting the sea. As you move northward the human habitations become sparser. Dunes and golf courses follow, and suddenly you come upon a sharp cliff overlooking the sea. On it stands a lighthouse, the guardian of the island. From the fantastic tower of La Corbiere the smooth bow of St. Ouen's Bay swings to the westward as far as Cap Grosnez on a high cliff to the northwest.

The northern seacoast of the island, with its dark hills and mysterious stone labyrinths, provides a wild and rocky contrast to the tender beauty of the southern part. From a narrow dark valley the rocky sides of the green plateau of Plemont rise sheer as the walls of a house. Progress here

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is difficult if a strong wind is blowing against you down the narrow, stony path. But at the bottom of this valley stands a cheerful little coffeehouse, from whose windows strange crevasses and precipices can be seen at low tide. It is an ideal setting for tales of smugglers or for fairy stories, especially at eventide when the fire is burning on the hearth and the sea breaks against the rocks. These picturesque rocks extend with all kinds of conformations far to the eastward; but the most stunning feature of all is Bouley Bay, deep blue and laughing, beautiful as a bit of Italy. It is calm here, and the sun shines peacefully on the gently curving semicircle of mossgrown rocks and silent trees that enclose a glistening stretch of sea, while far on the horizon a clear stretch of land rises from the ocean — the coast of France.

The chief natural and historical monument on the east coast is Mont Orgueil Castle, near Gorey. Here intellectual people find a splendid opportunity to indulge in historical reminiscence, for it dates back to Roman times and to famous heroes and chieftains — William the Conqueror, Bertrand Du Guesclin, and Charles II, all of whom left their marks within its gray walls. But mere holiday-makers contemplating the scene are more astounded by the historic mountain rising so high and steep above the little houses and shacks along the shore. We had tea in a little old-fashioned room ornamented with old-fashioned porcelain, old-fashioned coverlets, and old-fashioned china. A big barelegged girl served us our refreshment while her mother told us legends about Mont Orgueil. Lyons's tea and William the Conqueror were reconciled, and the modern world sank farther and farther from view.

We then took the railway along the coast back to St. Helier, passing another bay with gay houses and richly colored gardens and pleasant beaches. The sun sank, a blood-red ball of fire behind the cliffs of La Corbiere, and we had to hurry to put on our dinner jackets, for modern customs still accompanied us.

The beauty of the Jersey coast lies chiefly in the enormous versatility of Nature. The interior of the island, with its forests and flowers, is unique, and it offers a graceful contrast to what most globe-trotters have seen in Europe. It is not so much that palms grow naturally here, for palms, as a popular traveling man has rightly said, look most effective in small numbers — masses of them are depressing. But on the island of Jersey the palms grow among a numerous company of leafy and nut-bearing trees, and in this setting they make a very effective appearance. Aloes and Australian rubber trees grow to a considerable height in the valley, and the variety and abundance of all this rich vegetation create pictures before which any nature lover stands in speechless amazement. Long, fragrant alleys with green tree-tops meeting overhead and golden light shining at the end. Old walls and rocks overgrown with vines and dotted with red flowers. Bullrushes as tall as a man by the roadside, and gardens, gardens, gardens, with yellow, red, blue, and white flowers. Hydrangea bushes of every color of the rainbow grow in thick clusters behind the low walls, on the side of every hill, and before every house. Earth strews its beauty before you. Take it and immerse yourself in its color and fragrance.

Whole fields of white marguerites and dazzling pansies — surely fairies dance by moonlight in that little garden of blood-red fuchsias before that little house; carefully tended vineyards full of sun-warmed grapes,

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both green and blue; vast quantities of melons, pumpkins, fruit, and all kinds of vegetables. A lazy land, a wonderful land, a land of wild abundance.

The most extraordinary things of all are the cabbage forests. I had been incredulous whenever I had heard or read about these giant plants, but I found that this vegetable actually does grow to a height of six feet on this island, and it is so strong that a walking stick can be made from its stalk. Such a cabbage forest looks like Brobdingnag, and I found myself hoping to find radishes and pumpkins just as big; but my expectations were not fulfilled, for only the cabbage grows to this tremendous size. I therefore took one of the finest of these walking sticks with me and gave this masterpiece of Nature to an eminent writer who has made a specialty of cultivating this vegetable.

Jersey contains a dozen different bathing beaches, all elegant and simple; but let no one expect to find a Lido or a Deauville here. The population goes in bathing all the year round, at all hours of the day. Anyone passing through King Street in St. Helier is bound to encounter crowds of bare-legged young men and women on their way to a swim. The people in the hotel are nice, but they have no need for the excessive luxuries that have become the order of the day elsewhere. Everyone swims well here, and, though the men and women go in bathing together, they take no advantage of this opportunity for flirting, but wait until evening. Since my window looked out on a popular bathing beach, I was able to observe what was happening on the shore at all hours, and discovered no traces of either prudery or refinement. I was surprised to see a gentleman in a bathing suit walk down the hotel steps and bow politely to a lady. But people are used to such things, and everything passes off so respectably that even a German official could not take exception to anything. The much-discussed *Nackt-Kultur* (nude culture) movement acquires social significance here.

I did, however, discover that stiffly formal English people could unbend, for I watched what happened on the rocky wastes of Plemont, where a whole crowd of young women and girls were playing leapfrog with two athletic young men in bathing suits. One lively lady became so unceremonious as to pull her light coat up above her knees so that she could jump the young man's back more easily. Old men sat on the grass smoking their pipes and laughing. The mothers crocheted and found nothing out of the way when suddenly the whole company tumbled together on the sand, laughing and shouting.

A picture for Rowlandson! Perhaps our German official would have found something amiss here, but such naturalness pleased me more than the formal five o'clock tea of the conventional bathing resort.

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MY FLIGHT THROUGH MONGOLIA[1]

BY EGON VON STERN

[THE editor of *Pester Lloyd* announces that this article is part of a book entitled *In die Freiheit*, by Egon von Stern, which will be published in Berlin this winter. The author is a Prussian cavalry officer, who tells of his escape from a Russian prison and his flight across Mongolia and Manchuria. The episodes he describes here occurred in the Sayan Mountains, in the corner of Northeastern Asia between Mongolia and Manchuria.]

TIRED and worn from our difficult journey, we sought a Sayan *yourta* where we could spend the night. After a long search in the darkness we succeeded in arousing some dogs, and by following the noise of their barking found a place of refuge.

The Sayans are a Mongolian race living in the broad valley of the Yenisei between the Sayan Mountains and the mighty peaks of the Tannu-ola. Two years before our arrival a war had been fought between the Sayans and the Mongols, in which most of the Sayan, Mongolian, Russian, and Chinese settlements in this region were destroyed. When we passed through the country the Sayans were not united to either Mongolia or China.

The Sayans, who look so much like Mongols that a European cannot tell the difference, raise cattle and live in yourtas as their racial brothers on the other side of the Tannu-ola Mountains do. The yourta, a conical dwelling from ten to twelve feet in diameter, is built of a wooden framework about three feet high at the perimeter and about eight feet high at the central peak, and is covered with camel's-hair cloth. A doorway about three feet wide is cut in the side of the structure. At the peak of the yourta is a small hole through which smoke can escape, while in the centre of the floor a large iron or copper kettle stands on a tripod. A little altar is placed directly above the doorway.

The big dogs whose barking had helped us to find our shelter had awakened the Sayans, but when we entered we found them half asleep. They had made a fire, and were sitting around it in a circle. Upon seeing us they bowed their heads several times, pointing their thumbs upward and saying, '*Ssaa, ssaa!*' We returned the greeting in the same way.

Then one of them rose, took a basket, and fetched some snow from outside, which he put in the large black kettle over the fire. After this he filled a long pipe covered with felt from the mouthpiece to the little silver bowl, and lit the fine yellow tobacco he had put inside.

At first I could n't tell the men from the women, but I finally concluded that there were three men and two women living here. Men and women alike wear gray sheepskin breeches and coats, both garments being sewed together, with the soft wool inside. In at least one respect the Sayans are further advanced than we — their

[1] From *Pester Lloyd* (Budapest German-Hungarian daily), *October 5*

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women wear knickers without a single word of adverse criticism.

Our hosts were far from handsome. The men, with their half-shaved heads and sparse beards, grinned rather foolishly; while the women, with their exceedingly broad faces, prominent cheek bones, and small slit eyes, looked equally foolish when they opened their wide mouths.

After several addresses of welcome, which we could not understand, our hosts passed the men a small snuffbox set with semiprecious stones. We sneezed, and everybody laughed. Then they handed around the long pipe, which we could not refuse without offending them. Since the tobacco was heavy with opium and tasted sweet, I gave the pipe back after a couple of puffs.

It is a common Mongolian custom to offer the pipe and snuff, and the guest is forced by convention to accept them. It is an odious habit, for one can become very sick simply by being an agreeable guest. Smoking the filthy Sayan pipe turned out to be no joke. But we forgot these minor details in our desire to get through the country.

After the snuff and the pipe, the melted snow was boiled, and our host — not the hostess — added some green tea, salt, and goat's milk, and stirred. Each of us received a dirty wooden cup filled with the liquid. I had often been told that green tea prepared in this way tastes very peculiar, but since I was hungry and thirsty it did not prove unpalatable.

Early next morning, while it was still dark, we continued our journey, quite rested by our short nap. . . .

On reaching a Mongolian monastery we tied our horses to brilliantly painted hitching posts just outside the gate, and encountered a monk who greeted us cordially. A lofty wall surrounded the grounds of the monastery, and at the highest spot in the centre stood a temple bearing many carved decorations. Around it were the buildings in which the monks lived. These structures were made of baked mud, which is first whitewashed and then decorated with colored paints.

The monks took us into their tidy monastery, in the centre of which stood an oven surrounded by beds covered with woolen blankets. Over the doorway stood a small altar made of some wood similar to mahogany, on which a glass image of Buddha had been set. Eight brass incense burners had been placed before the altar.

A merchant's son who accompanied us helped out, for he had been in a monastery once before. The monks poured out green tea for us, and then served mutton soup. We gave each of them a piece of sugar and some candy, which we had taken with us to use as money.

Our companion gave us several tips on how to travel through the country. Above all, we were told never to go into a Mongolian dwelling with a riding whip, and never to enter a room left foot first: to do either was to offend the Mongol seriously. A guest should thank the host by gifts of colored cloth and ribbons. But since these people like sugar very much and seldom get any, and since colored cloth was too expensive, we had taken along candy and lump sugar. But the Mongols liked them so well, and ate so much of them, that our supply was almost exhausted.

Adultery is the most grievous sin a Mongol can commit. The offender is taken and torn apart alive into over a hundred bits. Horse stealing also incurs capital punishment, but the thief is torn into a smaller number of pieces. I was told this by many people who had seen these punishments administered.

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Before we went to sleep the monks spent a long time praying in the temple while a gong sounded loudly, and after the ceremony they continued their prayers in their cells. The way Mongols say their prayers reminds me of the Russian church service. They mumble as rapidly as possible in singsong, and at regular intervals they let their voices fall. The monks carry strings of glass beads which they use to count their prayers, and when one of the brothers has recited the necessary number he takes the image of Buddha with him to the house, for by carrying this statue and by singing and praying he believes that he will be protected by magic from the evil spirits and the souls of the dead who wander about at night.

At the end of their long session of prayer the hospitable monks fixed up a bed for us, and were very attentive to our wishes. . . .

One morning some time later we came to the Tes River, a wide stream flowing through a broad valley. Although it was winter and the ground was covered with deep snow, it was obvious that in summer the region abounded with luxuriant flowers and foliage. A wild tangle of bushes covered both banks of the stream, and under the snow we found grass at least a yard long. Beautiful as the landscape was in winter, it must be much more full of color in the spring.

On arriving at the yourta where we had hoped to spend the night we encountered some bad luck. The settlers here were apparently prosperous, for they lived in more elaborate dwellings, and great herds of sheep were wandering in the neighborhood. After we had shouted a long time a friendly-looking woman appeared on the scene. When we discreetly requested shelter, she cried in an inhuman, froglike voice, '*Qual Qual!*' the Sayan equivalent for 'Nothing doing.' Our poor old Sayan, who suffered from a severe backache, begged pitifully, but the old woman kept on croaking like a frog, '*Qua, qua, qua, qual!*' raising her dirty fist emphatically.

I had little desire to stay here, and we therefore rode on. Our Sayan friend still accompanied us, but the pain in his back was driving him mad and he cried out loudly. After a while we found another yourta, where we encountered better treatment than we had received at the hands of the old frog-woman.

The Mongols in this yourta used dry manure for fuel — the regular custom hereabouts, for there are no trees in the neighborhood. The manure is kept in a basket that buckles up the back like a wallet, while a shovel covers the top. The same basket is used to gather snow from which tea and soup are made.

The Mongolian hostess is always very accommodating about fetching snow from outside, but she is none too cleanly. I have often noticed that only a very small part of the snow surrounding a yourta is white, most of it being as yellow as the tea that is brewed from it later. But we can forget these trivialities, and in retrospect the impression of Mongol cordiality remains.

After the customary formalities I thanked the women and children by giving them sugar and candy; but one piece did not satisfy them, and they shouted for more. I had to take care lest they exhaust my supply and leave me nothing but trouble all the rest of my journey. The men, however, also became greedy when they saw their women and children with sugar and they with none, and began taking the delicacies from the mouths of the children, who promptly set up frightful howls. Naturally I gave some more

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to the poor women and children; but again the men took the candy from them, and my protests only added to the confusion. Finally I fed one child after another on my lap, and protected it from the ravenous father and mother.

While investigating my knapsack the Mongolian father and son discovered that I had some cognac, and from then on the begging never ended. I told them that it was my last flask, that I was saving it for a possible emergency, that it was a medical necessity. The father calmed down, but in about ten minutes he began simulating great pain and deathly illness, and begged for some cognac. 'Such be the will of God!' I told him. 'It is a remedy for eye trouble, and is poison. If you drink it, you die.' They immediately shrank back with fear written all over their faces. On the next morning the same clamorous father appeared with big black snow-spectacles, saying that he had eye trouble and needed some cognac. Out of generosity I gave him a stick of sugar soaked in cognac, and as long as I was present he held it before his eyes. When I left the room, however, he ate it with utter scorn of death.

During the night we had apparently lost our horses, and at noon I went to look for them. We soon found them, and continued our journey.

At the next stop we discovered that all the sugar had been stolen and more than half of the cognac had been drunk, and I realized why the animals had disappeared — the ravenous Mongolian had hidden them so that when we went to look for them he could eat and drink his fill.

BIG VOLODIA AND LITTLE VOLODIA[1]

BY ANTON CHEKHOV

'LET me drive!' cried Sophia Lvovna loudly. 'I'm going to sit beside the coachman. Wait a minute, driver; I'm going to get up on the seat with you.'

She was riding in the back of the carriage, and her husband, Vladimir Nikitich, and her childhood friend, Vladimir Mikhailich, each held one of her arms to keep her from falling out. The carriage was moving rapidly.

'I told you so,' whispered her husband to his friend. 'She ought not to be allowed to drink cognac. What a man you are!'

[1] From *Revue Bleue* (Paris literary and political semimonthly), *September* 17

The Colonel knew from experience that this turbulent gayety, bordering on drunkenness, was apt to reduce a woman like his wife to a state of hysteric laughter and finally to tears. At present he was afraid that when they got home, instead of being able to go to bed, he would have to give her compresses and make her take medicine.

'Whoa!' cried Sophia Lvovna to the horses. 'I want to drive.'

She was fresh, gay, and triumphant. During these first two months of her marriage she had been tormented by the idea that she had married Colonel Jaguich out of self-interest — *par dépit*,

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as they say. But to-day, in this suburban restaurant which they had just left, she had at last persuaded herself that she loved him passionately. In spite of his fifty-four years, the Colonel was so supple, so well built, and so active. What funny jokes he made, and how well he sang the gypsy songs! In fact, old men nowadays were a thousand times more interesting than young ones, and one might say that youth and old age had changed their rôles. Her husband was two years older than her father, but what did that mean, if he undoubtedly had more vitality, more strength, more vigor, than she herself, although she was but twenty-three. 'Oh,' she thought, 'my dearest, my marvelous man!'

In the restaurant she was further convinced that not a trace of her former sentiment lurked in the back of her mind. She now felt completely indifferent to her childhood friend, Vladimir Mikhailich, or Volodia, as she called him, whom she had loved even yesterday almost to madness and despair. That evening he had seemed quiet, sleepy, uninterested — a cipher. And the phlegmatic way he avoided paying the restaurant bill made her more indignant than ever. It was on the tip of her tongue to say, 'If you are so poor, stay at home!' The Colonel paid for them all.

Perhaps it was because the trees, the telegraph poles, and the snowdrifts were passing so rapidly before her eyes that many different ideas flashed through her mind. She remembered that in the restaurant they had paid one hundred and twenty rubles to the hundred gypsies, and that if she wanted to throw a thousand rubles out of the window to-morrow she could do so. Before her marriage, on the other hand, only two months ago, she did not have three rubles to her name. In those days she had to ask her father for any money she needed. What a change her life had undergone!

As these ideas passed through her mind, she remembered how, when she was ten years old, Colonel Jaguich, now her husband, had paid such violent court to one of her aunts that the people in the house said that he had driven her crazy. It seems that her aunt had come to the table with red eyes and had kept leaving the room, while everyone said that the poor woman was like a soul in torture. Jaguich, a very handsome man at the time, had won extraordinary success with women. The whole town knew him, and people said that he daily visited the ladies who admired him, as a doctor visits his patients. Even to-day, in spite of his gray hairs, his wrinkles, and his glasses, his slender face still looked beautiful, especially in profile.

Sophia Lvovna's father had been the doctor in Jaguich's regiment, and had held the rank of major; and Volodia's father held the same post to-day. The young man, in spite of many lively amorous adventures, stuck to his work. He attended his university courses with great success, and made a specialty of foreign literature, and had written, so they said, a thesis on the subject. He lived with his father in the barracks, and possessed no money of his own, although he was thirty years old. Ever since her childhood Sophia Lvovna had lived under the same roof with him, and Volodia often came and played with her. They had learned French and dancing together. When Volodia became a well-turned-out, handsome young man, Sophia Lvovna started to feel jealous of him, and later fell wildly in love with him. She continued to love him right up to the time of her marriage.

Jaguich had also had an extraordinary success with women, ever since

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he was fourteen. Wives who had deceived their husbands with him used to say that he was little in order to humiliate him. And Volodia seemed to be following a similar career. It had recently been said that, whenever anyone knocked on the door of his study in the university, steps were invariably heard and he would murmur the same excuse: '*Pardon, je ne suis pas seul.*' Full of admiration for the young man, Jaguich had blessed his future as Derjavine had blessed Pushkin's, and he appeared to be fond of him. For hours on end they would play piquet or billiards without speaking, and whenever Jaguich went on some wild party he would take his friend with him. Volodia, on his side, revealed the secrets of his thesis to Jaguich alone. When Jaguich was younger he and Volodia were often rivals, but never were they jealous of each other. In the society they frequented Jaguich was called Big Volodia and his friend Little Volodia.

Besides the two Volodias and Sophia Lvovna, there was one more person in the carriage — Margarita Alexandrovna, or Rita, as she was called, a cousin of Madame Jaguich, a very pale girl just over thirty, with very black eyelashes. She carried a lorgnette, and continually smoked cigarettes, even out of doors during the coldest weather. There were always ashes on the front of her dress and on her knees. She talked through her nose with a drawl. She was a cold person, and could drink as much liqueur and cognac as she pleased without getting drunk. Indolently and insensitively, she would tell stories with a double meaning. At home she would read the big reviews from morning to night, never dusting the ashes off them as she turned the pages, and sometimes eating apple jelly as she read.

'Sonia,' she said in a singsong voice, 'stop making a fool of yourself. Really, it's disgusting.'

Near the city gate the carriage slackened its pace, for it was passing houses and people. Sophia Lvovna calmed down, huddled close to her husband, and intruded upon his thoughts. Little Volodia was seated beside her. Sophia's gay, light-hearted reflections were now mixed with more sombre ideas. She dreamed that the young man beside her knew that she loved him and believed that she had married her husband *par dépit*. She had not once confessed her love to him, and did not want him to know about it, but anyone could see from his face that he understood her perfectly, and the young girl's self-respect suffered. But the most humiliating thing was that since her marriage Little Volodia had suddenly begun to pay attention to her, which was something that had never happened before.

He would spend whole hours with her, saying nothing, or talking about futile matters. Just now, seated in the carriage, he was pressing his foot against hers and gently caressing her hand without saying anything. Obviously he had only waited for her to get married, and it was evident that he misunderstood her, for she interested him as an unconventional, bad woman. While her love for her husband triumphed in her soul and was linked with a feeling of humiliation and wounded pride, she still felt impatiently eager to sit next the coachman and yell and whistle.

Just as they were passing the women's convent, the big bell — it weighed a thousand poods — began ringing. Rita crossed herself.

'Our Olia is in that convent,' said Sophia Lvovna, crossing herself and trembling.

'Why did she turn religious?' asked the Colonel.

'*Par dépit*,' replied Rita in an angry

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voice, obviously alluding to Sophia Lvovna's marriage with Jaguich. These marriages *par dépit* were fashionable at the time. They were a form of defiance to the world. Olia had been a gay, frivolous coquette. She loved dances and languishing lovers. Suddenly she sprang this surprise.

'That is not true,' said Little Volodia, turning down his fur collar and revealing his handsome face. 'No question of spite — merely a frightful occurrence, if you can call it that. Her brother Dmitri was condemned to hard labor, and no one knows where he is now. Their mother died of shame.' He pulled up his collar again. 'What is more,' he went on in a hollow voice, 'Olia did the right thing. To live with a woman in the status of an adopted child, even with a woman made of as pure gold as Sophia Lvovna, gives one something to think about.'

Sophia Lvovna, catching a note of scorn in his voice, would have liked to say something impertinent, but she held her peace for a moment. Soon, however, her impatience got the better of her and she stood up again and began shouting in a plaintive voice: 'I want to go to matins. Coachman, turn around. I want to see Olia.'

They turned around. The bell rang sadly, and something in its tone reminded Sophia of Olia and her life. In the other churches the bells were ringing, too. When the horses had stopped Sophia Lvovna jumped out and ran quickly through the door without anyone accompanying her.

'Be quick, I beg of you,' cried her husband. 'It is late.'

She passed through the sombre portal and went down the passageway leading to the main part of the church. The snow creaked under her steps, and the sound of the bells vibrating above seemed to penetrate her entire body. Here is the church door. Now three steps, and then the entrance to the nave, with images of the saints on either side. She caught the smell of juniper and incense. Another door. A shadowy silhouette opened it for her, bowing very low. The service had not begun. A nun near the altar was putting the candlesticks in their places, and another was lighting them. Here and there under the columns and at the altars along the side of the church were black, motionless figures. 'As they are now, so they will remain until to-morrow,' thought Sophia Lvovna. Everything seemed sombre, cold, and gloomy, more dreary than a cemetery. She looked sadly at these immobile, frozen figures, and her heart missed a beat. In one of the nuns, a little creature with thin shoulders and a black kerchief over her head, she recognized Olia — how, she could not say, because when her friend quit the world she was fat and seemed much bigger.

Hesitating, and intensely agitated, Sophia Lvovna approached the novice, looked over her shoulder, and saw that it was really she. 'Olia!' she cried, opening her arms. She was so suffocated with emotion that for a moment she could not speak. 'Olia!'

The nun recognized her at once, and raised her eyelids in astonishment. Her pale face, looking as if it had been freshly washed, and the little veil that could be seen under her neckerchief, quivered for joy.

'Behold, a miracle from God!' she exclaimed, jumping up and stretching out her pale, thin hands.

Sophia Lvovna clasped her tight and kissed her, and then suddenly feared that the girl would smell the wine. 'While passing the convent,' she said in a voice made breathless by her hurried entrance, 'we remembered you. How pale you are! How happy I am to see you! And how are you? Are you bored?'

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Sophia Lvovna cast a hasty glance at the other nuns, and went on in a low voice: 'So many changes have occurred. You know I have married Jaguich — Vladimir Nikitich. You remember him, of course. I am very happy.'

'Good! The Lord be praised. And your father is well?'

'Yes. He speaks of you often. Come and see us over the holidays, Olia, won't you?'

'Good!' said Olia with a smile. 'I'll come the second day.'

Sophia Lvovna began crying without knowing why. After weeping for a minute silently, she brushed her eyes and said: 'Rita will be very sorry not to have seen you. She is with us, too. So is Volodia. They're right by the door. How pleased they would be to see you! Come along, won't you? The service has n't begun.'

'All right,' consented Olia.

She crossed herself three times, and went out of the church with Sophia Lvovna. 'Are you happy, Sonechka?'

'Very happy.'

'Good! God be praised.'

The two Volodias, perceiving the nun, got out of the carriage and bowed respectfully. Her pale face and black clothing moved them visibly. They were pleased that Olia had remembered them and had come to say goodday to them. To keep her from catching cold Sophia Lvovna wrapped a shawl around her and huddled her into one corner of her coat. The tears she had shed had done her soul good and had clarified her mind. She was happy that such an intense, agitated night should have ended unexpectedly in this pure, peaceful way. To keep Olia with them still longer she proposed: 'How about going for a drive? Olia, get in, we shall not go far.'

The gentlemen expected that the nun would refuse, for holy people never ride in carriages, but to their astonishment she accepted and got in. As the three horses passed the town gates everyone was silent, being entirely occupied with seeing that Olia was comfortable and would not catch cold. And everyone thought of what she was doing. Her face was calm, inexpressive, cold, and pale, — transparent, as if water and not blood flowed in her veins, — although two or three years ago she had been fat and rosy, had talked of marriage, and had constantly laughed without saying anything.

Near the wall the carriage turned back, and ten minutes later, when it stopped at the door of the convent, where the nun got out, the bells had stopped ringing. 'God save you,' said Olia, bowing low as nuns do.

'So you'll come for the holidays, Olia?'

'Yes, I'll come.'

She hurried away quickly and disappeared under the sombre portal. When the carriage departed everyone was sad — sad without knowing why. All kept silent. Sophia Lvovna felt weakened and beaten. It seemed evil to her, indelicate, and almost sacrilegious, to have taken a religious devotee out driving with a joyful company like this. Her desire to delude herself disappeared with the drunkenness. Now she saw clearly that she did not love her husband, that she could not love him, and that everything was miserable and dull. She had married him from self-interest, because her school friends had told her that he was tremendously rich, and because she did not want to remain a spinster like Rita. She had lived long enough with her father, and she wanted to irritate Little Volodia. If she had been able to imagine that married life would be so hard, painful, and ugly she would never have submitted to it; but the harm had been done, and she had to resign herself to it.

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They went home. When she got into her soft, warm bed and pulled the blankets over her, Sophia Lvovna remembered the sombre sanctuary, the odor of incense, and the silhouettes of nuns under the columns, and agony seized her as she thought of those silhouettes remaining there motionless all the time she slept. Matins last a long time — many hours; then comes the Mass; then the *Te Deum.*

'But God exists — He really exists. And death is inevitable. Sooner or later, therefore, one must think of one's soul and of eternal life, like Olia. Now Olia is saved. She has solved these problems. But if God does n't exist, then she has lost her life. But what does that mean — "lost"? How has she lost it?'

A minute later the same idea returned. 'God exists; and death will come infallibly. One must think of one's soul. If Olia were dying this minute she would have no fear. She is ready. The essential thing is that she has already solved the problem of life. God exists, yes. But are n't there other solutions than entering a convent? Entering a convent is renouncing life, losing it.'

Sophia Lvovna, feeling afraid, again buried her head in the pillow. 'One must not think of that,' she murmured. 'One must not.'

Jaguich, in his chamber next door, walked up and down on the carpet, and his spurs jingled. He was preoccupied. Sophia Lvovna reflected that this man was not so close and not so dear to her as another one who was also called Vladimir. Sitting up in her bed, she murmured gently, 'Volodia.'

'What do you want?' asked her husband.

'Nothing.'

She lay down again. The bells rang out once more. Perhaps they were the ones at the convent. Sophia Lvovna remembered the sanctuary and the black silhouettes, and the idea of God and the idea of inevitable death wandered through her mind. Again she covered her head to avoid hearing the bells. She pictured to herself, before old age and death came, a long, long life during which she would have to support from day to day the presence of a man whom she did not love, and who was even now entering their room and going to bed. And she would also have to stifle her hopeless love for another man, young and charming, who seemed to her altogether extraordinary. She cast a glance at her husband and wanted to bid him good-night, but instead of that she began crying. She was discontented with herself.

'Listen, the mu-*seek* is beginning,' said Jaguich, accenting the last syllable.

Sophia Lvovna did not quiet down until very late — until ten o'clock that morning. Then she stopped crying, but was seized with a violent headache. Jaguich, hurrying to High Mass, kept cursing his servant who was helping him dress. He entered the room to get something, and managed to keep his spurs from making any noise. Then he came in wearing his epaulettes and decorations, and limping a little from his rheumatism. It seemed to his wife — she did not know why — that he was walking and looking like a thief. She heard him ring the telephone. 'Be good enough to give me the Vassilevskii barracks.' A minute later he spoke again. 'The barracks? Will you please call Dr. Salinovich.' Then again, a moment later: 'Who's there? Is that you, Volodia? Good. Now, my friend, please ask your father to come to my house immediately. My wife has been sick since last evening. You say that he is not at home? Oh, thank you. Much obliged. *Merci.*'

Jaguich entered the room a third

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time, leaned over his wife, made the sign of the cross, and gave her his hand to kiss. (All women who had loved him had kissed his hand. He was used to it.) He said that he would be back for dinner, and went out.

Toward noon the chambermaid announced Vladimir Mikhailich. Quivering with fatigue and headache, Sophia Lvovna hastily put on a marvelous new mauve dressing gown with a fur border, and quickly did her hair. She felt overwhelmed with inexpressible tenderness. She trembled with joy, fearful lest Volodia should depart. She wanted to see him, if only for a minute.

Since he was making a holiday call, Little Volodia was wearing a white suit and a white necktie. When Sophia Lvovna entered the room he kissed her hand and expressed his regret that she was ill. Then, when they were seated, he complimented her on her pretty dressing gown.

'The interview with Olia upset me,' she said. 'In the first place, it gripped my heart. But I envy her, just the same. Olia is a rock; you cannot move her. But see here, Volodia, did n't she have any other solution? Is it resolving the problem of life to bury one's self? That is death; it's not life.'

The memory of Olia brought a tender expression to Little Volodia's face.

'You, Volodia, are a man of spirit,' continued Sophia Lvovna. 'Tell me how to solve my problem as she did hers. Certainly I am no believer, and I should not enter a convent; but something similar can be found. My life is hard. Teach me — tell me something persuasive, even if it is only a word.'

'A word? Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay!'

'Volodia!' she cried fiercely. 'Why, don't you respect me any more than that? You talk to me — excuse me for saying so — like a fool. People do not speak that way to their friends and to well-brought-up ladies. You are a successful scholar — you love science. Why don't you ever talk to me about it? Why? Am I not worthy of it?'

Little Volodia shrugged his shoulders carelessly, and said: 'What need do you have for science? Perhaps you would like me to read you the Constitution. Or would you, perhaps, prefer sliced sturgeon and horse-radish?'

'All right. I am a woman of no importance, with no principles, wretched. I am just made of faults. I am a neurotic, a pervert, and you are determined to misunderstand me. But you, Volodia, are ten years older than I, and my husband is thirty years older. I have grown up under your eyes, and you could have made what you wanted out of me — even an angel. Instead of that, you' — and her voice trembled — 'you treat me horribly. Jaguich married me when he began to grow old, and you —'

'Come, come, that's enough,' said Volodia, drawing near her and kissing both her hands. 'We'll let the Schopenhauers demonstrate all they please. For our part, let's just kiss these little hands.'

'You misunderstand me. If you only knew how I suffer!' said Sophia timidly, knowing in advance that he would not believe her. 'If you knew how I wanted to change and begin a new life! I think of it with ecstasy.'

In truth, tears of ecstasy shone in her eyes. To be a good, honest, pure woman; not to lie; to have an aim in life!

'Come, come, no comedy!' said Volodia, and his face assumed a capricious expression. 'I don't like that. My word, anyone would think we were in the theatre. Let us act like human beings.'

To prevent him from getting angry and going away, Sophia Lvovna began to justify herself and talk of Olia again, to say how she wanted to solve the

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problem of her life, and to become somebody.

'Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay!' sang Volodia. 'Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay!'

Suddenly he seized her, and she, not thinking what she did, threw her arms around his shoulders and looked ecstatically at his intelligent, mocking face, his forehead, his eyes, and his handsome beard. 'You have known for a long time that I loved you,' she confessed, blushing with embarrassment and biting her lips with shame. 'I love you. Why do you torment me?'

She closed her eyes and kissed him. For a long time, perhaps a minute, she could not seem to stop, although she knew that it was not proper, that Volodia himself might judge her wrongly for what she had done, and that the servants might come in.

'How you torture me!' she repeated.

Half an hour later Volodia was eating in the dining-room and she was kneeling before him looking eagerly up into his face. Volodia said that she looked like a little dog waiting for someone to throw a piece of meat to it. Then, having put her on his knee and rocked her like a child, he began to sing, 'Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay.'

Finally, when he proposed leaving, she asked him in an impassioned voice, 'When shall we meet again? To-day? Where?' and she stretched out her two hands toward him as if she wished to catch his reply in them.

'It is n't easy to-day,' he said, after some reflection. 'Perhaps to-morrow.'

And so they parted.

Before dinner Sophia Lvovna went back to the convent to see Olia, but they told her that the girl was saying prayers over a dead person. From the convent she went to the house of her father, whom she did not find either, and then, having changed carriages, she began to drive through the streets, nowhere in particular, until evening, and she remembered her aunt, with her poor stained eyes, who could not find peace anywhere.

That evening the friends went out in the carriage again to listen to the gypsies in a suburban restaurant. As they passed the convent Sophia Lvovna thought of Olia, and it hurt her to think that for young girls and young ladies of her station there was no other choice but going on parties like this and lying or else entering a convent to mortify one's flesh. The next day Sophia Lvovna had her rendezvous, and once more drove through the town in her carriage thinking of her aunt.

A week later Little Volodia deserted her.

Then life flowed as before — dull, melancholy, and often sad. The Colonel and Little Volodia played billiards and piquet for hours on end. Rita kept telling her stories, indiscreet and lax as ever. Sophia Lvovna kept going out for drives and begging her husband to take her out in the evening.

Visiting the convent almost every day, she bored Olia complaining about her intolerable sufferings. She wept, and nurtured the feeling that she had brought something soiled, pitiable, and base into the nun's soul. And Olia, mechanically, as if she had learned it in a lesson, told her that it would all pass, and that God would pardon her.

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A LATIN AMERICAN DUSE [1]

BY C. Z. KLÖTZEL

One Sunday while in Mexico I went to a bullfight — not so much out of curiosity as because I felt it to be the duty of a journalist. I sat in the stadium with fifteen thousand other spectators, but I never before felt so hopelessly alone, so entirely forgotten. The programme called for six bulls. I watched the first contest go off according to schedule: the steer was infuriated with banderillas, the horses of the picadors had their bellies ripped open, the matador waved his red mantle, and the expert fighter entered the arena, permitting the wild animal to graze his shoulder as it charged at the scarlet rags. Then, when the beast was quite exhausted, the toreador made the death thrust with a theatrical gesture. It was depressing and fascinating. When the bull was dead and the toreador had drawn his bloody sword from the body, the fifteen thousand spectators went frantic. Women with babies in their arms shrieked hysterically. A little fat man wearing the national costume hopped up and down on his seat. Behind the arena the next victim could be heard bellowing while the frenzied spectators celebrated the common triumph. And all this fuss over ten men killing a bull whose horns had ripped out the intestines of two horses! I alone sat still, and I did not need a looking-glass to tell me that my face was gray.

The programme continued with another bullfight. Once more barbed hooks were stuck into the neck of a bull who sank his horns into the bodies of the horses. But when the horses began to cry out as only dying creatures do, I discovered that my gray face had turned green. And I fled. On my way out a ticket-taker shouted to me that it would n't be long before the final number, when a famous Spanish toreador would enter the arena against three steers at once. But when he saw me close to, he said sympathetically: 'Ah, you are not accustomed to it yet. And perhaps you have n't had anything to eat. It 's a good thing to eat a heavy breakfast before going to a bullfight.'

But I did n't eat anything else all day, and under the sturdy old trees in the park of Chapultepec I swore that I would never again enter that cursed bowl of concrete and iron in which six fine bulls are killed on a single Sunday afternoon before fifteen thousand spectators.

But two weeks later in this same Satanic circle I enjoyed the most profound and elevating experience of my past year of travel. Before me lay the same sandy ground over which thousands of sacrificed steers had been dragged by stout mules in red harnesses. There was the gate from which the bulls blindly rushed forth to their death, having spent the whole day in darkness. But this time a delicate, slender woman walked out of this door, ascended the platform, and began to speak in such a celestial voice that she transformed the bullfight arena into a temple.

[1] From *Berliner Tageblatt* (Liberal daily), *September 25*

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Her name was Bertha Singermann, a Russian Jewess born in Mohilev, who emigrated to the Argentine as a child, and is now worshiped as the Latin American Duse, the foremost Spanish-speaking actress in the world.

For a week I had read her name on every wall and shop-window, and I had thought she was some German *diseuse*. I was also surprised to learn that the bull ring had been selected as the place for her recitation, for her audience would probably be lost in the gigantic arena; and I was more astonished still to learn that the stadium, with its capacity of fifteen thousand, was by far too small for the vast crowds who wanted to hear this woman's voice fill the huge structure with harmony.

What an unusual career! As a four-year-old child she was among the oppressed Jews who fled Russia. She came to Buenos Aires with her parents, who did not become assimilated, but lived in Argentina as they had in Mohilev, speaking Yiddish at home. Bertha Singermann won her first dramatic laurels in this language, and she still gives a series of Yiddish recitations every year in an East Side auditorium in New York. In school she learned Spanish, which bloomed in her art like an exquisite flower. After she left school the public discovered her impassioned mirth, simple melody, and high nobility, for she would recite cherished works of Calderon and Cervantes. A wave of love and veneration carried her rapid rise higher and higher, and to-day her name is famous in Cuba, the Argentine, Central America, and Mexico. José Vasconcelos, the Minister of Education and one of the most brilliant men in modern Mexico, admires her ardently. He it was who invited her in the name of the Calles Government to give her first recitation from the lofty patio of the Ministry, whose walls are decorated with the striking frescoes of Diego Rivera.

To say that no bullfight has ever attracted to the arena a quarter of the crowd that Bertha Singermann did is sufficient praise. Thousands upon thousands came. No European artist could have attracted a larger crowd. And what an audience it was! In the arena below sat members of Mexican society who had never appeared at any function attended by mere government officials. On the rows of seats above sat the same people who had gone into ecstasies over a skillful bullfighter only two weeks ago — the same barefoot Indians with their wide sombreros, the same dark-skinned women with their black shawls. These women had brought their babies with them again, — the men had their dogs, — and far above us in the galleries we heard the high cries of children above the clear, quiet voice of the speaker.

The crowd behaved as they did at the bullfight when the toreador entered the arena: they wept and laughed, while peddlers shrieked their wares. The door to the arena through which the steer usually rushed flew open. The actress entered and slowly ascended the steps to the platform. The great crowd stood up as if by command, and all the men took off their hats, with inimitable dignity gracefully waving them in the air until the delicate woman down below acknowledged this typically Spanish ovation with a bow of her Madonnalike head.

Bertha Singermann is a rather diminutive creature, with a delicate face and expressive hands, and she wore a modest dress. The movements that accompanied her recitation, together with her general appearance, reminded me of classical statuary; and her noble gestures were always in perfect harmony with her words. This woman has nothing to learn about

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the art of acting; indeed, the theatre may learn many things from her. But her voice is her greatest gift.

I cannot understand a single word of Spanish, but I listened to the entire programme, and it seemed all too short. That rare voice of Bertha Singermann's makes the most indifferent hearer feel almost religious, for it seems to come from above, from another and much better world. First I sat close to the platform; later I moved to the top of the stadium to enjoy the gentle flow of words that sounded as distinctly as when I was sitting in the first row. The programme contained the old and the new, Spanish and Latin American poetry and prose, and Bertha Singermann made her audience cry and laugh by turns. After every piece the great wave of applause seemed more than public homage to a great artist; it was the thanks of a nation to a woman of a different race.

In the middle of her recitation the sky grew dark and heavy drops of rain began to fall, but nobody moved. As the rain became heavier she threw a cloak around her shoulders, but somebody shouted to her to remember Caruso, for on this same platform and under similar circumstances he had caught the illness that led to his death. She took this advice, and after she had left the platform the entire audience dashed down the slippery steps of the arena, while the rain fell in sheets.

I shall never forget that hour on the iron steps leading from the stadium. Flashes of lightning revealed clusters of men cowering in the branches of the great steel structure. We saw in a fenced enclosure old thin horses without harnesses, destined for the bullfights.

It was night by the time the tropical rain let up, and we returned to the arena by lamplight. How quiet everything was! The arena itself was a veritable sea, and the stalls of the dress circle were filled with puddles. But Bertha Singermann continued her programme, and, as we stood there, for two hours the clear voice of a better world rang through the silence.

THE PRINCIPLE OF LITERATURE[1]

BY RABINDRANATH TAGORE

In the world of our fairy tales, the son of the Detective, the son of the Merchant, and the son of the King set forth in the adventurous quest of the Princess: the Truth, represented by her, is approached from three sides by three different types of mind.

The process which one of them follows is, by analysis, to find in her the secrets of body and mind; but in this region of science she is of no more value than any other girl — there is no difference between Princess and scullery maid. The Detective, be he scientist or philosopher, has nothing to do with feeling, no sense even of utility; all he has is the spirit of question.

The Princess has another aspect — that in which she is useful. She spins, weaves, and embroiders. The eyes with

[1] From the *Visva-Bharati Quarterly* (Calcutta international literary review), *July*

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which the Merchant's son observes her — turning her spindle, wielding her shuttle, plying her needle — have in their gaze neither feeling nor questioning, but only calculation.

The King's son is not physiologist or psychologist; nor has he passed any examination in economics. What he has passed, methinks, is just his twenty-fourth year, and also the impassable heath of the fairy tales. He has crossed difficult paths, not for learning, nor for riches, but for the Princess herself, whose palace is not in the laboratory, nor in the market place, but in that heart's paradise of Eternal Spring where bloom the flowers in the poet's bower of fantasy.

That which is not known by logic, which defies definition, whose value is not in any practical use, but which can only be intimately felt, finds its expression in literature, is the subject of æsthetics. No man who has the gift of enjoyment ever nags or pokes any creation of art with the questions, 'Why art thou here? What art thou?' He exclaims, 'It is enough for me that thou art thyself!' This was what the King's son whispered in the ear of the Princess, and it was for the proper utterance of these very words that Shah Jahan was compelled to build the Taj Mahal.

We can only define that which can be measured: that which is immeasurable, which eludes all attempts at capture, is not attainable by reason, but by immediate perception. The Upanishad says of the Infinite Being that we can reach Him, not with speech, nor with the mind, but by our consciousness of delight, wherewith all fear departs from us. Our soul has her hunger for this immediateness of realization, whereby she is enabled also to know herself. The love, the contemplation, the vision, that alone can satisfy this hunger finds its place in literature, in art.

The space enclosed within walls has been appropriated by my business office, which there buys and sells, pays and charges rent, by the yard. Outside, where is the assembly of stars, undivided space is realized by me through my sense of joy in the boundless. This vastness is superfluous for the purpose of mere physical life, as is proved by the worms that burrow underground. There are in this world also human worms for whom a dearth of sky is no privation; for in them has been killed the mind that cannot live without expanding its wings outside the prison bars of necessity. It was the tyranny of the ghosts of such dead souls that frightened the poet into the prayer, —

> Doom me not to the futility
> Of offering things of joy to the callous!

But the heart of the King's son is fresh and sensitive. He realizes in the Princess that sweep of immensity which is in the sky lighted by the eternal stars; and his response to the sight of her is as befits such realization. The others behave differently. To measure the rhythm of the heart-throbs of the King's daughter, the scientist has no compunction in improvising a tube of tin. The Merchant finds his satisfaction in the tin can wherein he safe-keeps the cream churned by the Princess's own hand. But the King's son does not so much as dream of ordering tin armlets for the Princess — should he perchance do so it would be for him a veritable nightmare. If, when he wakes, he happens to find gold scarce, he is forthwith impelled to sally forth in search of rosebuds for her.

From this can be understood why, in Sanskrit, rhetoric is called the grammar of ornament. Ornament is the symbol of the ultimate. The mother who finds the finality of her joy in her babe translates this absolute consciousness of hers into the adorn-

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ments wherewith she decks its body. We view our servant within fixed limits, and our return for his service is likewise limited to a fixed salary. But we view our friend in the unlimited; so ornaments blossom forth in our language and behavior, in the tone of our voice, our smile, our welcome. In literature we speak of him with decorated words, of which the significance is not in their meaning, but in their feeling, the message whereof is brought home by the ring of their melody. The appearances, the thoughts, the dreams, which are not made manifest through reasoning — these are of literature.

What in English is called *real* is in our language called *sárthaka* (significant). Common truth is one thing, significant truth quite another. Common truth does not admit of selection; it is the significant that is select. Men of every sort come under the head of common truth; the man of significance is hardly to be found.

Not that significantly real things are rare; but anything that is not significant to me is not real for me. Because the world of reality has more extensive boundaries for the poet and the artist, they can bring out the significance of a much larger variety of things. For in whatsoever we are made aware of some ideal of completeness, that becomes significant to us. A grain of sand is nothing to me, but a lotus flower has for me the full force of certitude. Though at every step the sand may obtrude itself on my attention, — grating on my feet, irritating my eye, setting my teeth on edge, — nevertheless it has not for me any fullness of truth. The lotus does not have to elbow its way into my notice; rather does my mind of its own accord go out to greet and welcome it.

Let me give an example of the sensitive fastidiousness of the mind when choosing the adornments for the object of its adoration. The flower of the *sajiná* is not lacking in beauty, but the poets, when celebrating the enthronement of the King of Seasons, do not by any chance include its name in their songs of acclamation. It has lost prestige with the poets because it happens to figure as an article of diet. For the same reason the flowers of the brinjal or the pumpkin stand with lowered heads outside the gates of poesy — the kitchen has destroyed their caste. Not alone the poets, but also their sweethearts, disdain these flowers as ornaments, though a spray of the delicate *sajiná* flower-clusters in their dark tresses would assuredly not have been ill-becoming. Neither the *kunda* nor the *tagar* is gorgeous or scented, yet for them the door to the realm of adornment remains open, for they have not been tainted with the touch of the hunger of the body.

Here pictorial art is at an advantage. The artist's brush need not shrink from painting the superb foliage of the yam, whereas to bring that name, suggestive of a meal, into the description of any verdant scene would tax all the resources of the poet's pen. The sounds of words, moreover, sometimes have undignified associations, by reason of the way they are used in our everyday life, which are liable to give offense in the case of the word picture, for it is not shape or color, but sound, which is of the essence of poetry. I am not usually credited with any squeamish regard for convention, yet have I often to resort to a less usual name, or a roundabout phrase, rather than use a word that has a utilitarian significance. I should say here, however, that these considerations do not apply with equal force in the case of the Western poet, with whom it is the substance and not the name that dominates.

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Be that as it may, it is a common experience that we fail to see in its entirety that which subserves our use, for it is eclipsed by the shadow of our need. The kitchen and pantry are of everyday necessity to the householder, but these are the rooms he fain would keep out of public view. His reception room, which he for himself can do without, is the one on which he lavishes all furniture and adornment, striving to the best of his means, by carpeting it, hanging it with pictures, stocking it with objects of exotic beauty, to give it a touch of the universal; for he would be known to the larger world outside, through this room of his choice, in all the glory of his own personality. In the facts that he eats and stores up food his personality finds no ultimate significance. That he has a special distinction is the tidings which he seeks to communicate through his reception rooms — wherefore they are decorated.

In the realm of biology man and beast are not distinct; as there viewed, self-preservation and race preservation are of equal importance in the nature of both. But man's spirit fails to find in these features the true significance of man. So, however deep-seated or widespread man's desire to dine may be, his literature has but scanty recognition of it. Man's eating propensity may be an insistent, but it is not a significant, truth; that is why the satisfaction of his hunger is not one of the joys that have found a place in the paradise of his art-world.

The sexual relationship of man and woman stands on a higher plane than man's appetite for food, for it has achieved an intimate connection with the relationship of hearts. The sex instinct, which, in a basic view of life, has only a secondary place, has risen, in the sex relations of the larger life of man, to a position transcending even the primary; for love illumines man, within and without, into a supreme intensity of consciousness. That illumination is lacking in the primitive principle of race preservation, which therefore assumes importance only on the plane of science. The union of hearts, as seen by us, is abstracted from the primitive needs of nature into the glory of its own finality. And hence it has come to occupy so vast a place in literature and the arts.

The supreme significance of the union of the sexes is, for man, not in procreation, — *prajanártham* (for the sake of progeny), as our Lawgiver would have it, — for in that he is merely animal, but in love, wherein he is truly man. I do not use the word 'animal' with any implication of ethical judgment, but from the point of view of the progressive self-realization of man. Owing to their intimately close contact, a natural spirit of rivalry prevails between the animal and the spiritual spheres of man's sex-life in their respective claims for the wreath of victory from art and literature. The psychoanalyst has introduced a further complication by asseverating that the animal sex-instinct is also a deep and potent factor in the mental life of man. But whatever practical utility or intellectual value this dictum of science may have, it can have no place in the realm of literature and art, which is concerned with the valuation of man's feeling of delight according to his standard of the eternal. The same is the case with considerations of social morality. The problems that have arisen with regard to the place of the sex relation in literature cannot be solved from the scientific or moral standpoint, but from that of æsthetics, which alone can determine which of its two aspects man will adorn and raise on the pedestal of immortality.

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We find in every age temporary extraneous circumstances occasionally creating obsessions that penetrate into the field of literature and overshadow for the time its true characteristics. It is not possible, however, for these temporary excitements to find any permanent place in literature, for, being volatile by nature, they soon evaporate. During Europe's Great War, for instance, the war turbulence muddied even the streams of its poetry. When in England the Puritanic age was followed by one of license, its exhalations befogged the radiance of its literature; but even while such period lasted, the presence of this cloud testified, not to its own significance, but to that of the light which it could not wholly obscure. In the Middle Ages of Europe the Church attained such power that it tried to throttle science, forgetting that, in its own sphere, science is supreme and owes no allegiance even to religion. Now the opposite phenomenon is at work, and it is science that seeks to establish its sway over every region of man's being: in the pride of its new prestige it has ceased to have misgivings about encroaching beyond its scope.

Science is impersonal. Its very essence is an impartial curiosity about truth. And yet the all-pervading net of this curiosity is gradually enmeshing modern literature within its folds; though of literature, on the contrary, the essence is its partiality — its supreme message is the freedom of choice according to the taste of man. It is this freedom which is being assailed by the invasion of science. The sensualism of which European literature is full to-day owes its origin to this curiosity, as its prototype in the Age of the Restoration had its impulse in lust. But just as the lust of that age failed to win the laurel which could secure it a permanent place in the Olympus of literature, neither can the scientific curiosity of this age maintain its keenness forever.

There was a day in our country when a heat wave of licentiousness passed over our society and stimulated our literature into an outburst of carnalism. It was a temporary aberration of which the modern reader refuses to take any serious notice, not by way of moral censure, but because he has ceased to accord it permanent value.

Of late, it is true, we notice the opposite tendency in some of our modern critics, who would rank among the eternal verities the intemperance of the flesh that has been imported into our literature from the Western world. But they forget that the eternal cannot wholly contradict the past. The natural delicacy which has always been a feature of man's æsthetic enjoyment, the aristocracy which has always reigned in the realm of art — these are eternal. It is only in the rantings of the science-intoxicated democracy of to-day that this modesty, this reticence, is dubbed a weakness, and a rude manifestation of physical hunger is proclaimed to constitute the virility of art.

I have seen an example of this begrimed pugilistic modernism in the form that our *Holi* play has taken among the roughs of Chitpore Road. There is no scattering of red powder, no spraying with rose-colored perfumes, no laughter, no song. Rolling long pieces of wet cloth in the street mud and therewith bespattering one another and the unfortunate passers-by, to the accompaniment of unearthly yells, is the mad form which this old-time spring festival has here assumed. Not to tinge, but to taint, is the object. I do not say that such propensity is foreign to the mentality of man: the psychoanalyst is therefore welcome to revel in

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a study thereof. My objection to the importation of this common desire to soil into a festival inspired by man's æsthetic sense is not because it is not true, but because it is not appropriate.

Some of those who seek to defend the bringing of such muddy carousals into the region of our literary enjoyment do so with the question, 'But is it not true?' That question, as I say, does not arise. When our drug-befuddled *Bhôjpuri* festive party storm the welkin with the unending clang of their intoxicated drums and cymbals, their demoniac shouts of an eternal repetition of the one line of their tuneless song, it is entirely beside the point to ask the suffering neighbors whether or not it is true; the only relevant question can be, 'How is it music?' There is admittedly a kind of self-forgetful joy in inebriation; there is undoubtedly great forcefulness in an unrestrained exercise of lung power; and if the ugliness of incivility has to be taken as a sign of virility, then we must needs admire this athletic intoxication also. But what then? This forcefulness still remains of the slums of Chitpore; it cannot aspire to the Elysium of art.

In conclusion it should be added that if, in the countries ridden by science, an indiscriminate curiosity should, Duhsásana-like, seek to strip the goddess of literature of her drapery, there is at least the excuse of science to offer for such conduct. But in our country, where neither within nor without, neither in thought nor in action, has science been permitted an entry, what excuse can serve to cover up the insolence of the spurious, borrowed immodesty that has come to infest its literature? If the question be sent to the other side of the seas, 'Why this turmoil of the market crowd in your literature?' the answer will come, 'That is no fault of our literature; the cause lies in the markets that surround us.' When that same question is put on this side, the reply will be, 'True, markets we have none; but the noisomeness of the market place is all there; that is just the glory of our modernism!'

ISADORA'S RUSSIAN HUSBAND[1]

BY J. W. BIENSTOCK

[This excerpt from Anatole Marienghov's new book, entitled *A Novel without Lies*, is prefaced by the following explanation in the *Mercure de France:* 'Shortly after the tragic death of Isadora Duncan a much-discussed book about this celebrated artist appeared in Moscow. It is entitled *A Novel without Lies*, and is the work of Anatole Marienghov, a rather well-known Russian poet of the imagist group to which Sergei Esenin belonged. Everyone knows that in 1923 Esenin, at the age of twenty-three, married Isadora Duncan. A year or two later the couple separated, and Esenin returned to Russia, and soon afterward committed suicide. M. Marienghov's

[1] From *Mercure de France* (Paris Clerical-Conservative monthly), *October*

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book is very remarkable in several respects, for it is entirely devoted to Esenin and to a description of Bohemian Russian life under the Soviet régime. In the passage we are quoting the author tells how Esenin met Isadora Duncan. Both of them, Marienghov and Esenin, were in Leningrad. One day, while they were seated in the garden, another young poet, Georg Yakulov, came to them and said without preamble, "Do you want to see Isadora Duncan?"']

ESENIN leaped out of his chair, crying, 'Where is she?'

'Here. She's a remarkable woman.'

Esenin grabbed Yakulov by the waistcoat, saying, 'Take us there right away.'

We started looking for Isadora, and walked through the salon of mirrors and the winter salon, through the summer garden and the winter garden, and then to the little opera house. Retracing our steps, we searched everywhere, but Isadora Duncan was nowhere to be found.

'Oh, the devil! She's not here!'

'Here, Georg, here!'

We broke into a run, but again failed to find the dancer. Esenin was gloomy and angry. Now that it is all over, there seems to have been something fatally ominous in his frenzied, inexplicable desire to meet this woman whom he had never seen and who was going to play such a great and sad rôle in his life — I might even say such a pernicious rôle. But I hasten to add that the influence Isadora Duncan had on Esenin does not detract in the least from the genius of this remarkable woman.

Yakulov arranged a little party in his study one evening. At one o'clock in the morning Isadora Duncan arrived, wearing a red cloak that hung about her in supple folds. She had copper-red hair, and her large figure advanced slowly, gracefully. Her eyes — they resembled little bits of blue crockery — looked the whole room over and fixed on Esenin. She smiled at him gently and lay down on the divan. Esenin moved over and sat at her feet. She ran her hand through the poet's curly hair and said, '*Solotaia golova!* (Head of gold!)'

We were surprised to hear her say this, for she hardly knew ten words of Russian. She then kissed him on the lips, and another Russian word fell from her red mouth with an agreeable accent — '*Anguel!* (Angel!)'

She kissed him again and said, '*Tchort!* (Devil!)'

At four o'clock in the morning Isadora and Esenin left. We considered how we could save him.

'I'll take him away with me,' said one of us.

'But he won't go!'

'But to Persia . . . ?'

'Perhaps to Persia.'

We left at dawn, and walked through the deserted streets with heavy hearts.

The next day we went to Isadora Duncan's house. She lived at Balakhov's little hotel on the Pretchistenka, one of the most fashionable streets in Moscow. There was a heavy marble staircase, and each room was done in a different style. One resembled the Empire period of the Moscow salons and restaurants; another was Moorish. In the winter garden were thin cactuses and dejected palm trees, heavy gold furniture, velvet and brocade. In Isadora's room the chairs, armchairs, and tables were hung with light French fabrics, Venetian shawls, and brightly colored Russian cloths. These had all been taken from her trunks to conceal the bad taste and aggressive luxury of the room itself.

Isadora sighed gently and, rubbing her nose, said: 'It is Balakhov's fault.

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It's a terrible room. Isadora has bought far too many Russian shawls.'

On the floor were pillows and cushions covered with rugs and furs. The lights were shaded with red silk, for Isadora did not like bright electric lights: she was over fifty.

On a little table by the bed stood a big picture of Gordon Craig. Esenin took the photograph, looked at it attentively, and then asked, 'Your *mouge?*'

'What is *mouge?*'

'Husband; spouse.'

'Yes, he my husband; but bad husband. He work and write all the time. Craig is a genius.'

Esenin pointed his finger to his chest, saying: 'I also genius. Esenin genius — Craig nothing.'

He then slipped Craig's photograph under a pile of old newspapers, saying 'Adieu!' to it.

Isadora was enchanted, and repeated 'Adieu!' making a gesture of farewell toward the picture.

'Now, Isadora,' said Esenin, 'dance! Dance for us.' He felt like Herod calling for the dance of Salome.

'Good, I will dance!'

Isadora put on Esenin's vest and his cap. The music struck up some troublous tune that we did not know. Isadora Duncan represented an Apache, and her dance was terrible and marvelous. A scarf impersonated her husband, and its slender red figure seemed to break between her hands. With nervous fingers she strangled it, and fell back tragically with the silk wound around her head. The dance ended with Isadora throwing herself on the carpet beside the body of her imaginary partner.

Later Esenin became her master. She kissed his hand like a dog, but her eyes burned with hate more often than with love. Nevertheless, he was only a partner, just like that red scarf — a tragic partner without a will of his own. For her part, she danced and led the measure.

A half-lighted room. Isadora's broad shoulders were covered with her cloak of red silk, falling in supple folds. Esenin handed a little music box to one of his friends, saying, 'Wind it up, Michel; I'm going to dance.'

Michel wound it up, and the little box began tinkling out a popular Russian air. Esenin took off his brightly polished shoes and pranced around in bare feet. Isadora looked at him tenderly.

'That's Russia; that's Russia.'

Glasses of champagne were passed about, and Esenin danced faster. 'Admirable!' said Isadora in Russian.

Esenin stopped. Big beads of sweat stood out on his pale forehead. His eyes were cold, almost colorless, and wicked. 'Isadora, a cigarette!'

She handed him one.

'Champagne!'

She brought it. He tossed it off in a gulp, and called for another glass, which he finished as quickly. We passed seven nights like this every week, and thirty every month.

One day I asked Isadora Duncan for water in Russian. 'What is that stuff, *voda*, you were asking for?' she inquired.

'Water.'

'Water?'

It is probable that for many years she had drunk neither water nor tea.

Esenin installed himself at Pretchistenka, and Isadora made him a present of a gold watch. She thought that if Esenin had a watch he would stop hurrying away as if to some mysterious rendezvous.

Sergei Konenkov divided humanity into two categories — men with a watch and men without one. If he said of anyone, 'That man has a watch,' we knew that if that man were a

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painter his talent was beneath contempt. And now by a queer turn of fate a naturally watchless man suddenly saw himself in possession of a gold watch. He was very proud of it, and in front of every new person he met he would manage to pull it out of his pocket and look at it at least twice. Nevertheless, this watch did not play the rôle for which it had been destined. As usual, Esenin kept leaping out of his Empire armchairs to keep nonexistent appointments. Often he would arrive at our house with a little package in his hand, and on these occasions his face would look serious and determined.

He would say, 'This time it's definite: I've said good-bye to Isadora.'

In his little package Esenin would carry two shirts and a pair of socks. That was all he had. We would smile. Two hours later the porter from Pretchistenka would arrive with a letter. Esenin would write a laconic, definite reply. In another hour Mr. Schneider, Isadora's secretary, would come. Finally she herself would appear, her lips swollen and her blue eyes shining with tears. She would fall down at his feet and throw her arms around his legs, and he would tell her to go away. Then, smiling tenderly, she would say, 'Sergei Alexandrovich, I love you.'

It always ended in the same way: Esenin picked up his little package and departed.

One day Esenin and Isadora Duncan arrived at our house together. He was wearing a white waistcoat and bright gloves, and carried a bunch of spring flowers. Very ceremoniously he offered his arm to Isadora. She was wearing an English suit and a little hat. She smiled, and looked much younger. Esenin handed the little bouquet to my wife. Our train for the Caucasus was leaving in an hour. Esenin's airplane left three days later for Königsberg.

GREEN WOOD

BY STANLEY SNAITH

[*London Mercury*]

One swept an arc of showery bough
To sway in loose air to and fro,
And of all trees crowding that green place
Only that one I remember now,
Because one branch hung down so low
That I took on my unwary face
A shock of wet leaves that still brings
The sting and savor of strange things
Better forgotten long ago.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

England's Arch-Modernist

His name is Dr. E. W. Barnes, Bishop of Birmingham, and his support of the Darwinian theory at the expense of Christian theology has created the same religious rift in enlightened England that the Scopes trial caused in darkest Tennessee. Speaking to the boys of Westminster School in the famous Abbey of the same name, Bishop Barnes said: 'To-day there is among competent men of science unanimous agreement that man has been evolved from an apelike stock.' In other words, whereas scientists are content to accept the evolutionary hypothesis as a working principle, the good Bishop is eager to make it the fortieth article of his faith, or even perhaps to substitute it for one of the other antiquated thirty-nine.

'Darwin has destroyed the whole theological scheme,' he announces; and we presently learn that 'many of us rejoice, for we regard the assertion that any church is infallible as alike imprudent and dangerous.'

Although no one will be surprised to hear that the God-fearing Sir Arthur Keith, President of the British Medical Association, has commended this outburst as 'absolutely the right line,' some of the Bishop's colleagues do not share his new faith. The problem of evil in Dr. Barnes's Darwinian universe can be traced directly to God, who intentionally used it in His Plan of Things. The *Morning Post*, ever sympathetic to the old days, remarks: 'Dr. Barnes, who is content to find evil in God, seems to be himself reassured and fortified by the goodness of human nature. Through this he finds God, and accepts Christ as Master. If others who follow him in his statements of fact should be driven to other, and less comforting, conclusions, the Bishop of Birmingham cannot be himself surprised.'

Nearly a week went by before the Bishop of London and the Bishop of Southwark both repudiated Bishop Barnes's views. The Bishop of Southwark lodged what he called 'a deliberate and emphatic protest' against Bishop Barnes's assertion that 'among ourselves there are to-day men and women whose Sacramental beliefs are not far from those of the cultured Hindu idolater.' The Bishop went on to say that belief in the Christian Sacrament is neither superstitious nor magical, being justified by the New Testament, concerning whose content Dr. Barnes seems almost as skeptical as he does of the Old. As for the Bishop of London, he declared in a public address that 'London repudiates the uncalled-for attacks on one of the great Christian truths.' This statement he made in reply to innumerable letters he had received asking him his views on the issue that Dr. Barnes had raised.

Behind this sermon and the subsequent dispute several real issues can be clearly discerned. For one thing, the large optional string attached to the new revised Book of Common Prayer shows how far the dignitaries of the Church of England went in allowing for wide differences in the ranks of their followers. Yet even with this string the Anglo-Catholics on the one hand and the strict anti-Romanists

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on the other have both expressed disappointment. The purely Roman Catholic element in England naturally welcomes any such evidences of weakened authority and internal dissension, for Rome stands to profit from all such confessions of doubt. Anti-American feeling also plays a very real part. Bishop Barnes has announced that he will not move either 'toward Rome or toward Tennessee.' The Church of England's suspicions of the Vatican are proverbial, — witness Dean Inge, — but the introduction of Tennessee into theological controversy is something of a novelty. On this subject the Gloomy Dean has uttered many pertinent — almost impertinent — statements, and England's religious controversy continues to be nourished by suspicions of Rome, contempt for America, and bewilderment at the world in general.

Brillat-Savarin, Epicure

We will not stoop to pun, but a statue of the gourmet, Brillat-Savarin, author of *The Physiology of Taste*, has been unveiled in Belley. A wise and amiable man who admitted, with none of our Anglo-Saxon reticence on this delicate subject, that he enjoyed a good dinner, Brillat-Savarin is the sensualist's saint and the ascetic's Satan.

It was from the point of view of the guest rather than that of the cook that this sober and fastidious epicure wrote *The Physiology of Taste* — a title as forbidding as the book is interesting. English and Americans cannot emulate him; we become shy when enjoying and talking about our food. We so dread being accused of the Deadly Sin of Gluttony that our literature is filled with the most disagreeable aspect of eating — not the pleasure of taste, but the labor of preparation. Thanks to a few enlightened advertisements, this inhibition is slowly being worn away.

But we cannot boast of American and British cookery. There is no greater nightmare for an epicure after having regaled himself at a gorgeous Savarinian banquet than that he may some day be forced to eat a meal in one of our chain restaurants. Mutton, cabbage, oatmeal, and potatoes, the nourishment of Britishers, are not delicacies. The Puritans — unfortunate folk upon whose drooping shoulders are laid any lingering restraint and backwardness — are accused of responsibility for the atrocity of modern American food, but perhaps the greatest banquet in English literature is found in *Paradise Regained*, by that eminent Puritan, John Milton. It was George Meredith who in middle age expurgated the passages on wine that he had written in the novels of his youth. Mr. Pickwick loads the board too heavily with good plain food, and we are satisfied, but our senses are numbed rather than excited. His food is filling, but it is not appetizing like Savarin's.

How surprised Brillat-Savarin would have been if he could have known that because of a book written late in life and published posthumously he would be remembered as an epicure rather than as a politician, municipal administrator, soldier, hunter, musician, or magistrate at the Cour de Cassation. But Savarin is not alone in this respect. In the little village of Offenburg, between the Rhine and the Black Forest, stands a statue of Sir Francis Drake, valiant Elizabethan sea captain, grasping a bunch of potatoes. There is little evidence to show that Drake and Hawkins brought potatoes to England after their disastrous journey to Florida, but this statue shows how insidious may become the mental association of a great man with food. Sir Francis Drake may have singed the

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beard of the King of Spain, but for the peasants of Offenburg he is the discoverer of the potato which daily appears on their dinner table.

A statue was also erected this year to Marie Harel, inventress of the fragrant Camembert, and the debt we owe Maître Close for *pâté de foie gras aux truffes de Perigord* has been honored by a statue in Strasbourg for many years. The unveiling by André Tardieu, Minister of Public Works in France, of a statue of Brillat-Savarin marks another step in the same direction. It is regrettable that we have no Americans upon whom we can confer such an honor.

Novel Histories

THE modern German method of treating history in novel form has been blessed, or cursed, by widespread popularity. The most recent best-seller is Alfred Neumann's novel, *Der Teufel*. The story covers the same historical ground as Walter Scott's *Quentin Durward*, but there is much more emphasis on minutiæ in the German work. This Teutonic love for detailed accuracy complicates the novel, for we must admit that two or three pages at the beginning of every chapter devoted to intricate mediæval politics do not enhance the power of a tale. To offset this, the book is bound in brilliant yellow, with lettering of flaming red.

Neumann's book differs from Scott's in that it makes Louis XI and his other self, the famous Barber, or 'the Devil' from whom the book derives its title, the centre of the plot rather than mere background. We have the French king with a hatful of leaden images of the saints, Tristan l'Hermite going around the country hanging people, Necker slyly whispering advice into the ear of the King, and Cardinal Balue imprisoned in his cage for life. The author has added great complexity to these popular traditions by telling us just what goes on in the minds of his characters. For a romantic tale of mediævalism like *Quentin Durward*, Neumann has substituted a more real sense of the threatening, mysterious gloom in his psychological description of the strange relationship between Necker and the King. Louis's love for Necker's wife is merely a side issue which reflects on the sensitive side of his characters.

This modern method loses much warmth, sensational appeal, and fortunately much romantic effusion, substituting therefor a cold intellectual study. *Der Teufel* is much like Feuchtwanger's *Power* or Thomas Mann's *Magic Mountain*, and Neumann's book will undoubtedly be translated into English in the near future. As a contrast to such heavy intellectualism emanating from Germany, American letters are represented in that country by the publication of Anita Loos's *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, under the German title, *Blondine bevorzugt*.

The Eagle of Meaux

THREE hundred years have passed since the birth of Jacques Bénigne Bossuet. Those who have seen the Rigaud portrait in the Louvre will recognize him as the eminent churchman, courtier, and historian that he was. He lived in an epoch long past, and to judge him according to modern modes of thought would be futile and unfair. We must, if possible, forget our rationalism and project ourselves into the seventeenth century of Louis XIV, Louise de la Vallière, Mme. de Montespan, Fénelon, and Voltaire, all of whom came in contact with the most famous churchman of the age.

Although we chiefly remember Bos-

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suet as the bishop who occupied the see of Meaux in order to preach at Fontainebleau, we cannot separate his politics from his faith. He must be taken as both courtier and Catholic or not at all, as M. Maurras of the *Action Française* learned when he attempted to blend the positivism of Comte with Bossuet's political philosophy.

But Bossuet was not a great thinker, for he had neither Descartes's power of raising men's minds to higher levels nor Pascal's amazing insight into the recesses of the heart. He was not a great metaphysician, nor did he live in the world of ideas or epistemology. To moderns he seems to suffer at the hands of Voltaire. But Bossuet lived in a world of history and of moral effort; he was a man of simple faith. The serenity of his convictions was not disturbed even when the foundations of his world were rocking, as in the bitter controversy with Fénelon over the *Maximes des saints*. To Bossuet the mystery of grace in the individual soul explained the universe. Such faith may appear ridiculous under the rational attacks of a Voltaire, and we may find it difficult to swallow such philosophy to-day, but we still admire the candor and honesty of the man who preached it so fervently in the royal chapels of Fontainebleau. Although to some it seems 'a continual suicide of reason,' to others it satisfies some sense of the wonder and mystery of the world that rationalism cannot convey.

Nevertheless, Bossuet was a man of common sense, or he would never have succeeded in the court of Louis XIV. Court iniquity was his enemy, but he had to keep in favor with the prevailing royal mistress, and he tempered his sermons with expediency. Difficult indeed was his task, but he could 'fling his fury into theses' or in his sermons 'touch with the simplest means the tenderest chords of emotion.' Some people still read the *Oraisons funèbres*, frequently cited as the highest achievement of human eloquence, but only the scholar now delves into the *Histoire des variations* and the *Histoire universelle*.

Though this may be the tercentenary of his birth, to-day Bossuet is dead. We do not accept his monarchical ideas and simple faith. With our rationalists, republicans, and materialists, we have lost his serenity and beauty. Sainte-Beuve said: 'The glory of Bossuet has become one of the religions of France.' And it was a satisfying, sweet religion for the average man. Although to-day this courtier is out of favor, there is pathos in the celebration of his tercentenary. His eloquent defense of the political, moral, and religious ideas of the past sounds like sweet melody in the discordant crescendo of modern rationalism.

Sir Arthur Shipley

THE death of Sir Arthur Shipley, Master of Christ's College, Cambridge, removes one of the most popular and picturesque figures from the scene of English university life. Distinguished in his own country as a scientist and as the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge at the close of the war, Sir Arthur was also known to hundreds of American visitors and students as a staunch champion of Anglo-American friendship. Unlike some of his compatriots, he would go out of his way to welcome American improvements in the art of living, and the elaborate baths that he succeeded in having installed at Christ's now rank with the mulberry tree planted by John Milton as a distinctive feature of the college. Like the peasants of darkest Poland, Rumania, or Oklahoma, many English students still use the ancient

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tin-tub-and-teakettle method of ablution, and the living master of another college is reported to have refused to follow Sir Arthur's sanitary example on the ground that 'the young men are only up here for eight weeks at a time.'

Sir Arthur's two books on the minor horrors of war, in which he described the inconveniences caused by various insects, showed that his interest in cleanliness extended, as did many of his other pursuits, beyond the walls of his college. In discussing his scientific achievements, however, the London *Times* neglected to mention the one of which this writer heard most when he spent two terms at Sir Arthur's college six years ago. By a careful study of the habits of fish, their food, and the ocean currents in which they dwelt, 'Shipper,' as the irreverent undergraduates called him, saved the British fishing industry when it could no longer catch anything on its old grounds. He figured out where the quarry had fled to, and his prediction was fulfilled.

But Sir Arthur was even more famous as a host than as a scientist. Lord Curzon and J. P. Morgan visited him often, and ate off the beautiful Nelson plate of which Christ's College is the proud possessor. On such occasions the company would retire to the Master's garden after regaling themselves on whiskey or port and assault their digestions with a bottle of white wine.

Sir Arthur was no stranger to America, and in our own Cambridge he has visited President Lowell. He also traveled extensively on the Continent, and some years ago wrote a description of the Ægean Islands that we had the pleasure of reprinting here. Sir Arthur Shipley was an imperial Englishman of the new school — his views were less sweeping, perhaps, than those of Rhodes, but more suited to the world as it is to-day. And it is as a faithful servant of the Anglo-Saxon race that he will be most gratefully remembered.

New Visions

TELEVISION, noctovision, and the phonovisor are the most recent inventions to which the present age has fallen heir. Television, or the radio transmission of moving pictures, is in the vanguard of this parade of scientific marvels, and we learn that already there are two efforts under way to manufacture the apparatus so that it may be installed in the home for no more than a hundred dollars. Plans are being made to televise — a word which makes us wince, and which we hope will eventually be changed — important news events so that they may be projected on a screen in any home owning a receiving apparatus. Although the apparatus is still rather crude, the day may not be far distant when we may sit in our own homes and watch a world's championship boxing match, see the knock-out blow at the very time it is delivered, and hear the referee make the fatal count of ten.

Most of the apparatus devised so far, particularly the more successful attempts of Mr. J. L. Baird and Mr. Dénes von Mihály, rely upon vibrating or moving mirrors, but Professor Max Dieckmann, another pioneer in this field, makes electrons do the work.

Noctovision is more interesting from a scientific point of view, as it enables one to take a picture and transmit the photograph over the ether when the subject of the picture is in total darkness. The phonovisor, which was demonstrated at the meeting of the British Association at Leeds, makes a phonograph record of a picture. Mr. J. L. Baird, its inventor, says that all faces have their own peculiar hum, some of them sounding like a gargle

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and others like a squeak. In time it will be possible to recognize people merely by the sound of their faces.

Many months of arduous labor have gone into these inventions, and many more months will probably be needed before they have reached a sufficient degree of excellency to make them as universally popular as the telephone, radio, and cinema. But we feel that their success is an ultimate certainty.

The Fickle Whale

ENGLISH journalists have copied their American colleagues so far as to force Dr. Stanley Kemp, just back from a scientific expedition on the Discovery, to admit that 'the fact that whales travel at times in single-sex herds, thus severing matrimonial bonds, precludes the possibility of their being monogamous.' After rejoicing over this news lead, the city editors then got to work and prepared a more sensible and extensive story.

The royal research ship, which had been gathering data to embody in future laws to prevent the extermination of whales in the Antarctic seas, sailed into Falmouth harbor under full canvas, with every sailor of her crew as healthy as he was when the ship left England two years ago. Its cabin was full of scientific specimens, and it possessed a library of invaluable notebooks. Even the ship's mascot, Bonzo, a terrier of varied breed, 'a bit of an Irishman on the mother's side,' had survived the voyage. Some of the old wharf habitués gazed upon the three-masted bark and recalled the days when such vessels were more common. A scarred veteran of the sea paid this tribute to the crew: 'To get such another crew you would have to dig in the cemeteries.'

The expedition spent much time harpooning whales with colored darts which would fasten themselves into the blubber and not injure the mammals. When the whales are eventually caught it is hoped that valuable information concerning their migratory habits will be obtained. Samples of sea life from the vasty deep were also taken in order to determine the kind of food the whale eats.

Several members of Dr. Kemp's staff were left at a land station at Grytkviken, South Georgia, where they are still compiling statistics, and perhaps trying to learn how to spell and pronounce the name of their station. According to present plans, the Discovery will return to the Antarctic this year for another arduous siege in the ice fields. On the last voyage the vessel was icebound for nine months, but the crew did not find life all work. A football match, for example, was played with a Norwegian whaling crew in South Georgia.

Were whale fishing left entirely to chance, it would undoubtedly exhaust itself in a short time, but if a long view is taken in the light of the data already compiled, and if other governments besides that of the Falkland Islands pass the necessary restrictive laws, the industry may prove not only profitable but also permanent. From a picturesque and artistic point of view, moreover, the passing of the old-time whaler would be a distinctly regrettable loss.

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BOOKS ABROAD

Morales et Religions nouvelles en Allemagne, by Ernest Seillière. Paris: Payot, 1927.

[Marcel Raymond, in *La Semaine Littéraire*]

M. SEILLIÈRE, who has studied at Heidelberg and published books on Lassalle, Karl Marx, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, Goethe, and the Pan-Germans after the war, is an unflagging worker in the field of philosophic mysticism. His latest book, suggested by M. Pierre Janet, consists of a series of monographs of contemporary Germans, and it has the double merit of dealing with difficult problems simply and presenting some interesting psychological theories.

We already know M. Seillière's method. It is a highly bourgeois sublimation of French common sense into a mental mysticism of labels and formulas. Over and above this we have a philosophy of circumstance expressed in terms of action. But M. Seillière resists the temptation to display this kind of criticism, confining himself to quoting another thinker who said, 'The world produces extremes, but lives only by means.'

The conflict of instinctive and sentimental forces with the powers of the mind, the opposition of romanticism to classicism, does not explain everything in the German world as it does in the French. If a modern German philosopher like Nietzsche invoked neither Dionysus nor Apollo, we should assume a connection with romanticism or *Aufklärung*, the philosophy of light imported from France at the time of the Encyclopædists. Germans commonly regard romanticism as a movement toward the political Right, whereas they consider *Aufklärung* a form of Western thought which was essentially responsible for the French Revolution and democracy.

The fundamental divergence between the French and German points of view explains in part the suspicion of philosophers across the Rhine of reason or the intellectual faculty. Some consider it the enemy of life, and others maintain that it is a foreign faculty born of civilization and not of culture. On the other hand, they feel sentiment is fresher, purer, and more saintly; they see in it a hidden source of life, an escape from primordial darkness, and a connection with the universal soul which the superintellectual discards, and they identify the voice of the heart with the voice of God. This belief in divine primitive attachment is the essence of romantic mysticism as M. Seillière defines it. The soul is in constant and fervent quest of spiritual nourishment, either pantheistic or Christian.

M. Seillière goes on to say that the romantic philosophers have a remarkable sense of the universal problem. Their tendency to cast everything aside and to reject the knowledge and results of the past becomes the basis of much indiscreet wandering which may some day discover the point of departure for a new system, irrational and dangerous. Mankind should evolve along the lines of established reason, it would appear, rather than attempt to inaugurate a new intuitive and mystical philosophy.

Suhail, by Coleridge Kennard. London: Richards Press, 1927. 10*s.* 6*d.*

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

SIR COLERIDGE KENNARD was attached to the British Legation to the Court of the Shah from 1909 to 1914. In the quiet library in Teheran, by the limpid brooks of Shimran, he must in five years have found ample time to penetrate into that mysterious 'soul of the East' that so many travelers love to talk about and that so few seem to have understood, even superficially. Called away from that garden of Armida, no doubt he found the lively years that followed accentuated even more deeply the

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contrast between Europe and Asia. The result is that this tender little book, evidently elaborated much later out of notes hastily jotted down at the time, possesses a clear perspective of its own, the lack of which is so often fatal to travelers' diaries and notebooks. The scent of English flowers at Kacha means much more when one remembers, in a little English village, the inebriating fragrance of a Persian garden. Even a thirty days' ride through the wind-swept, sand-eaten waste of the Lut acquires an extraordinary charm after the monotony of three days in a European sleeping car. For this reason Sir Coleridge is a traveler after one's heart. He never bores you with an account of his troubles, all the trifling irritations of the journey that make Oriental books of travel so tantalizingly alike — the lack of food, of water, the loss of a horse-shoe, the overcharging for hay, or the scant veracity of a servant. He sees Persia in its enthralling entirety, 'without the tremors of the flesh.'

His affection for things Persian often goes so far as to verge on a scarcely concealed distaste for some of our less beautiful idiosyncrasies; but one cannot quite disagree with his regret that we are giving the East all the banal ugliness of our life, without apparently instilling any of our greatness. He almost seems to suggest that the European is repeating in Asia his so successful American operation, substituting, this time, with potted meats, jazz bands, and the lingering torture of the crossword puzzle, the efficacious fire-water against which Islam is defended by its religious code. 'Am I mad or they?' he cries out in a fit of depression in the garden of the mess at Kacha. But he does not answer the question; and one must admit that in so doing he gives proof of a true Sufi spirit.

Gallions Reach, by H. M. Tomlinson. London: William Heinemann; New York: Harper and Brothers, 1927. $2.50.

[*Manchester Guardian*]

PUBLISHERS and public prefer the novelist to the essayist; in Mr. Tomlinson they have a rare recruit to the story. One does not need to make many soundings in *Gallions Reach* to know that all is well. His prose takes to fiction like a trim ship. But those who know him as a true guide to the water-side alley, London River, and the panorama of the Indies need not be afraid that they will be kept knocking at drawing-room doors. They can take the deck with Jimmy Colet — who had killed his man — and savor the Indian Ocean when it smiles and when it bares its teeth. They can thread the jungles and do a little job of prospecting in places whence the dividends come and where the fevers remain. They will feel a tropic night pounce on them as though the Devil had gone garroting; they will know the blackness which is like something at your back, and the silence which is like fingers at your throat. And then the tropic dawn will as suddenly practise all its radiant rites of exorcism. Devil come, Devil go. The bird of night has become a kindly peacock, and you begin to understand why men from the East can love the days which they loathed. With Jimmy Colet the reader marches to all ordeals of storm and beast and creeping thing. 'The roaring of lions, the howling of wolves, the raging of the stormy sea, and the destructive sword are portions of eternity, too great for the eye of man.' Possibly Blake was right. But half a glance is better than no view. Mr. Tomlinson squares up to these infinities, and he is certainly one of the wise men who do not see the same tree or tiger or typhoon as does the fool.

But what of Colet's ordeal by mankind? To give us that torment as well as to tear the burning heart out of the East is the novelist's occasion. Colet killed old Perriam, his stark employer, in anger and by accident; by accident he was translated to the Malaya which had hitherto been only raw material for his invoices and clerking. You know Colet quickly, or at least the edges of him; he is as broad as life, for he is the trusty clerk, the murderer, the philosopher, and the handy man. You may wonder why old Perriam's corpse was so easily shaken from the mind when Colet had got aboard at Gallions Reach. But Mr. Tomlinson has his secret and holds it. A man may be tracking out all the portions of eternity, he may be at odds with the ants and the agues of a world for which London has never existed, but he cannot escape. The ghost of an action is a lord whose writ runs in the

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wilderness; Jimmy Colet obeys it, and we are reconciled to the reason of it, while as comrades of his adventure we cannot, will not, sign on for Gallions Reach again. Mr. Tomlinson persuades us. His story is complete, like his power to portray land and water and the men who traffic there. We shall not make an obvious comparison because Malaya, typhoons, and great masters of ships are on view. Mr. Tomlinson has his own way of approach to these eternities, and he is a great traveler.

Right Off the Map, by C. E. Montague. London: Chatto and Windus; New York: Doubleday, Page and Company, 1927. $2.50.

[*Observer*]

Mr. Montague's new novel has for its setting a campaign between two imaginary republics, Ria and Porto, both of which are run by Englishmen. They are separated by a range of tremendous mountains (which have suggested a very picturesque 'jacket'), and the descriptions of scenery and of the basis of the social pyramid in Ria make for the belief that, like Joseph Conrad on a memorable occasion, the author has derived his *décor*, so to speak, from the Continent that has the Andes for its backbone. The statesmen in control thought it sound policy to provide scope for the fighting spirit of their 'Heaven-sent breed of stout coolies' by enlarging the army — a plan which had the additional advantages of furnishing custom for Bute's big steel and armament works and of impressing hostile Porto, with whom Ria had a dispute as to the ownership of a frontier desert with possibly auriferous sands, with their willingness to fight for their rights.

Burnage, the eloquent editor of the leading paper in Ria, and Willan, a born soldier, are the protagonists in the drama, which begins when the unreasonable conduct of the Portans gives rise to a tidal wave of patriotism, which Burnage eventually backs up in a fine, fighting speech. War is declared, and all Ria looks for an easy victory. But when the Rian army moves up the Pass, odd things are seen — for example, what Willan rightly believes to be a high-velocity gun running in and out on wheels. The Portans, who have an up-to-date equipment and fight scientifically, win a speedy and overwhelming victory. But Willan collects a thousand or so survivors, and they take refuge in 'Lost Valley' (there are such half-legendary places in all mountainous countries), whence later on he launches a forlorn hope that might have saved Ria in the end beyond all expectation. But the war is already over, Ria's surrender being largely the work of Burnage, the man of words, who sends news of what has happened to Willan. Willan is captured and sentenced to be hanged (for fighting on after he had received official news of the surrender) by a tribunal consisting of the victorious Portan general, his favorite Staff officer, and the eloquent Burnage. When the tribunal breaks up, the Portan general looks at Burnage, who voted for death, 'with all the contempt,' as the French say, 'that there is.' But when Willan goes out to die, he sees a city of mourners.

Japanese Traits and Foreign Influences, by Inazo Nitobe. London: Kegan Paul, 1927. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[*Sunday Times*]

It is a pleasure to meet with an author who so lovingly and loyally writes of his motherland. He is a professor in the Tokyo University. I suppose there is some quiet corner in that busy hive of learning where the soul can soar above the all too modern city to behold the charm of Nippon. Had he written in Kyoto — old, distinguished, beautiful Kyoto — his gentle passion would be well understood by those who have been there. In reality, however, it was Geneva that stirred his mind to write. Or was it, indeed, Lake Biwa, or Yumoto, that sparkled before him there, or the crown of Fujiyama which projected itself before his imagination? Has he ever toiled up its steeps, through the length of an August day, to watch the sun sink over his beloved Ji-pon, the 'Sunrise Land,' and later stood to watch it rise and turn the gorgeous Pacific into a dazzling expanse of shot silk?

Anyone who takes pleasure in a changed perspective, in seeing from an unusual

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angle, in looking through a pair of kindly Japanese eyes into the soul of things Eastern, will not be disappointed in this book. There are many suggestive pages, others challenging, and not a few on which a critic would fasten his eagle eye. There are disputable statements and claims that cannot be substantiated; for instance, what evidence exists that literature prospered under the Chou dynasty, 1122–770 B.C., or that during that period the Chinese 'made an attempt to formulate in what order changes occur in nature and in history'? But — 'An Asiatic has no use for the minute hand on his clock. He is in no hurry. If he cannot finish the work he set out to do, his sons and grandsons will.' So, does it matter? If the above enlightenment was not in one millennium it was in another; anyway, it was, which is the chief thing.

Our Mr. Dormer, by R. H. Mottram. London: Chatto and Windus; New York: The Dial Press, 1927. $2.50.

[*Manchester Guardian*]

MR. MOTTRAM'S literary reputation was made by his fine trilogy of stories about the war, and after his concentration on these it is not surprising that he should wish to get far away from them. Yet, though he turns now to an East Anglian cathedral town at the beginning of the nineteenth century and to a solid Quaker environment, the story is consciously pre-war, and in its hundred years' course comes to the war times. It strikes one as a fine historical reconstruction of a phase of society that has no exact counterpart, and, original though it is, you might put Mr. Mottram into that wide school of novelists which includes Bennett, Galsworthy, and Wells: he, too, is not so much concerned with the passing show as with what comes before and after; he has sympathies with history and evolution.

The book is the history of a bank and of a succession of bankers. Our Mr. Dormer is planted very solidly on his feet, and Mr. Mottram of the active brain gives well the low mentality, the strong character, of his hero. The man is accounted for scientifically as the product of birth and circumstance, and, indeed, he is something of an automaton. His author has a strong sense of the material, and the town; the scene, personality, even clothes, suggest reality. The simple folk are understood almost too thoroughly; there is little mystery or adventure about them. Yet the Quaker gentleman does fire a pistol with effects that reverberate through the story. With a jump of twenty years or so we are in Early Victorian times, when 'importance' had hardly been qualified by irony. 'Time flows on, with its infinitely minute, utterly implacable modification of human affairs,' and particularly of commercial and economic affairs. The fortunes of family and firm are pursued through vicissitudes and deterioration, and even the solid is not permanent. A curious financial crisis seems hardly to belong to the world as we know it, and there is a very vigorous description of a fire. It is a disquieting suggestion that the business world has declined from 'an older and surer philosophy,' that cleverness has been substituted for character. The later sections of the story impress one less than those which deal with the rigid old Quaker men and women who helped to build up the reputation of England. Yet Mr. Mottram, by a symbolical use of the portrait of old Mr. Dormer, contrives to survey our own times from the earlier point of view. Perhaps this is not an entirely successful expedient, but we may welcome cordially an unusual book that gives adequately the social pageant and the defacements of time.

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BOOKS MENTIONED

ISTRATI, PANAÏT. *Kyra Kyralina* and *Uncle Anghel.* New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1927. $2.50 each.

STERN, EGON VON. *In die Freiheit.* Berlin: R. Eisenschmidt Verlag, 1927.

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

Political Myths and Economic Realities, by Francis Delaisi. New York: The Viking Press, 1927. $4.00.

MR. DELAISI is already familiar to readers of the *Living Age* as a foremost French economist whose clear vision does much to lift the veil of confusion from modern economic problems. In this highly readable volume he studies politics, economics, and the public mind with a patriotism that recognizes no national barriers. Nationalism, the idea of the sacred soil, *la patrie,* race, and boundary lines, he avers, are artificial notions built upon the crumbling foundations of agrarianism, while a national genius like Shakespeare, Dante, or Vergil is immortal only in his expression of those emotions which are international and eternal.

The industrial revolution, with mass production, diminishing costs, and international markets to absorb increased output, calls for something better than the outworn creed of agrarian nationalism. Political thought must keep up with the march of twentieth-century economics, whose scope is world-wide. Veblen, of course, pointed out many years ago the inevitable effects of machinery and the increased division of labor, but Veblen merely laid the foundation for the more practical outlook of Delaisi.

Myths are hardy weeds whose riddance is difficult and discouraging. They thrive on the emptiness of political oratory. But Mr. Delaisi lifts a strong voice of rationalism, skepticism, tolerance, and common sense which the world would do well to heed.

Uncle Anghel, by Panaït Istrati. Translated from the French by Maude Valérie White. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1927. $2.50.

ROUGH and hardy like the Rumanian peasant are the stories of Istrati. Here we find none of the finesse of the civilized gentleman or lady, but — if one may be permitted to use an overworked critical phrase — the elemental passions in their crudest form. The only law his characters know is the primitive rule of compensation, and in the narrative of Uncle Anghel we see how his physical body reaped the whirlwind of the wind which he had sown in his more halcyon days. The mighty Cosma meets his doom because the 'maggot in his brain,' or the human failing which seals his fate, was selfishness. Unspoiled are Istrati's peasants and bandits. Though they may have the morals of a pack of dogs, little harm seems to come from it all except amusing problems of parentage.

The author's forceful style is well adapted to his plot, and he is depressing as well as paradoxically exhilarating. This Rumanian raconteur differs from the Russians in intellect and outlook. Istrati's stories have the power and crudity, the flavor and philosophy, of the Balkan peasantry.

The Social and Political Ideas of Some Great Thinkers of the Renaissance and the Reformation, edited by F. J. C. Hearnshaw. New York: Brentano's, 1927. $3.00.

THIS collection of lectures delivered at King's College not only provides a valuable handbook for those who wish a few guideposts before wandering in the bypaths of Renaissance thought, but is also a useful volume for those who seek the foundations of modern government and society. Dr. Hearnshaw has selected seven thinkers, with Nicholas de Cusa and Sir John Fortescue heading the list. Both of these men are rarely studied now, although their work in church and state law, a field by no means uncultivated in Europe to-day, combines much of the orderly thought of the Middle Ages with the broader and newer outlook of the Renaissance and Reformation.

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Niccolò Machiavelli, the four-hundredth anniversary of whose death we commemorate this year, suffers from the hands of Dr. Hearnshaw, who does not agree with the modern point of view toward dictators. Somehow we feel that sentimentality and war-time rant have obscured his critical judgment when he makes Machiavelli's principles as practised by Germany responsible for 'the diabolical cruelty that sought to extinguish Belgian independence in agony and blood.' Such obtrusion, however, does not spoil the estimates of Sir Thomas More, Desiderius Erasmus, John Calvin, and Martin Luther. Although smacking somewhat of the college lecture-hall, worthy treatment, on the whole, is accorded these seven great progenitors of much modern thought.

Cambridge Ancient History. First Volume of Plates (to Illustrate Volumes I–IV), $7.00. Cambridge Ancient History. Volume VI, $9.50. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1927.

THE appearance of the first volume of plates in connection with the *Cambridge Ancient History* marks the rounding out and completion of the first stage of the work. Contrary to an opinion far too commonly held, there is little that is ponderous in the scope and treatment of the subject matter; the *History* is intended to be read as much by the intelligent layman as by the scholar. For the latter, ample bibliographies point to more detailed treatments of specific problems, but all can enjoy the brilliantly written chapters from the pens of the most expert authorities on each period. Now comes a volume of plates, reproducing sculpture, pottery, inscriptions, and so on, illustrating the period from the first known signs of primitive man down to the middle of the sixth century B.C. The editors have avoided presenting examples already easily available in photograph or drawing; they have rather aimed at giving equally valuable but lesser-known specimens of historical or artistic importance. Yet they have happily found space for such masterpieces as the limestone head of Queen Nefertiti, now in Berlin, and the famous golden Libation Bowl in the Boston Museum.

The sixth volume of the *History* covers the years from 401 to 310 B.C. It seems invidious to single out specific chapters, but the seventh, on the Inauguration of Judaism, cannot be neglected by any to whom the Old Testament has more than a passing interest; and Mr. Cornford's essay on the Athenian Philosophical Schools is a model of what a clear and readable condensation should be. If the volume of plates now under preparation illustrating this and the fifth volume is as adequate as the first, it will mark the achievement of a second stage in the *History* of which the editors may well be proud.

Salome, by Oscar Wilde. Inventions by John Vassos. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, 1927. $3.50.

POOR dear Oscar's dramatization of John the Baptist's execution needs no further criticism and praise, but this edition of the work is noteworthy for its illustrations and format. In his drawings Mr. Vassos combines the black-and-white effects of Aubrey Beardsley with modern ideas of sweeping composition. Silver stars clutter up the wide margins of every page, and few indeed are the books which can tolerate such exotic decoration. In the ensemble, however, the inventions make this edition of a classic a charming gift volume.

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